

The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

The Two Faces of Germany

Gerhard Loose

The Colorado Columbine

Richard Beidleman

Why Shakespeare?

Tom Small

Weather Almanac for Colorado

Marjorie Kimmerle

Khrushchev's Second Challenge

Wyn Owen

Whither, O Avantgarde?

Donald Sutherland

Controversial Amendment

James Busey

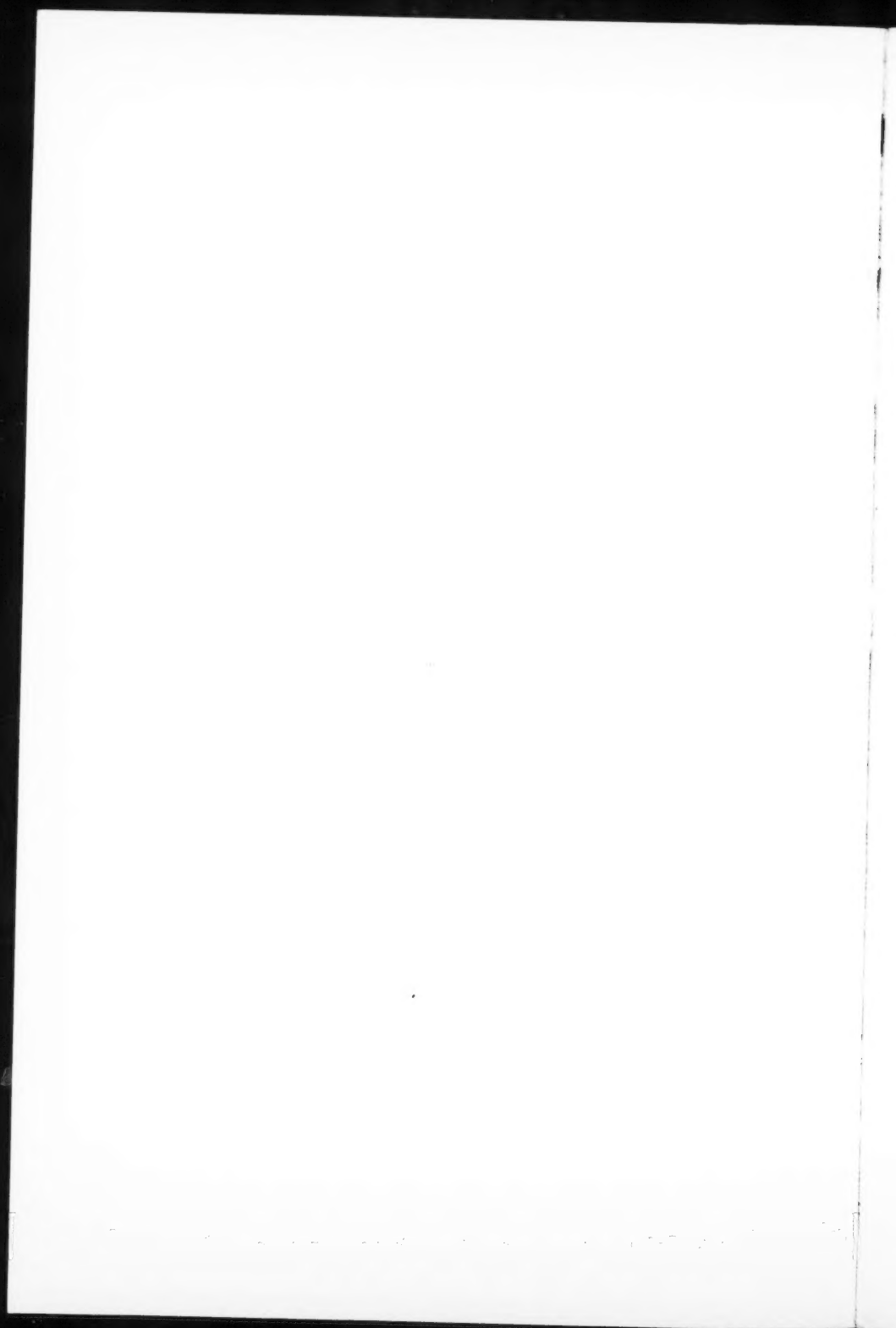
The Future of Colorado Mining

Reynolds Morse

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(Continued on page 111)

The two faces of Germany

GERHARD LOOSE

In late February of this year, I took the train from Frankfurt to Leipzig. The journey was socially engaging and scenically rewarding but also rather instructive. Actually it is not much of a distance, about two hundred miles, but it takes nine hours—time enough to gain impressions of the bright side of the Curtain (not wholly white) and of its dark side (not entirely black), of a conflict which divides a nation and disturbs the world.

The train was made up of two types of equipment, West German and East German, the car signs allowing ready identification. One kind admonishes the traveler in German, French, English, and Italian not to lean out of the window, whereas the other neglects the man from Naples in preference for the citizen of Leningrad. The Western equipment is newer and more comfortable.

The train was crowded (a situation conducive to conversation), and it soon became apparent that most passengers were going to Leipzig where the Messe (an international trade fair) was about to open. The vigorous publicity campaign which the East German government had waged to restore the Leipzig Fair to its former eminence seemed to be successful. However, only a few of the passengers were businessmen, and the international element in our car was represented only by the members of my family; so the reason for the crowds lay elsewhere than in enthusiasm for the Fair. Since the East German government restricts traveling, many West Germans can see their Eastern friends and relatives only during the Fair, when the restrictions are lifted. My family and I were traveling behind the Curtain for the same reason.

The talk inevitably turned to the conditions in the "Eastern Zone." (The insistence on this term implies that East Germany is not an autonomous state but still a zone of Russian occupation.) The remarks I heard were unequivocally critical and, in the main, doctrinaire and ill-informed.

We traversed the strongly reconstructed industrial region east

of Frankfurt, where all signs pointed to vigorous activity. The traffic on the roads was heavy; the cars were late models, the trucks large and powerful. Gradually, the train pulled away from the urban and industrial centers, up into the mountains of the Spessart and the Rhön. It was cold and bleak, a crust of snow covered the quiet countryside.

In Bebra, the last large city west of the border, the West German customs officials boarded the train. They were strikingly courteous. Before the war I had known the German government officials as an officious lot, curt and condescending. Then, the uniform fitted them like a coat-of-mail, now they wore it almost casually.

Little was now left of the passengers' cheerful camaraderie, however. One frankly wondered what the customs' inspection on the other side would be like. Money was being counted to the last penny, the amount carefully entered on the East German travel permit. The East mark is negotiable only in East Germany and must not be traded abroad. But this is done despite the law, and particularly in West Germany, where the banks sell four East marks for one West mark. However, in East Germany, the official rate of exchange is 1:1. Hence the control of the traveler's money in an attempt to prevent the importation of illegally (and cheaply) bought East Germany currency. Valuables, such as cameras, must also be recorded, as a check against illegal exportation from East Germany. West German newspapers must not be taken into the "zone." Our fellow travelers threw theirs under the seats, thus disclaiming ownership.

We crossed the border. Although it is an artificial one, it can be seen, clearly and painfully. The East German government ordered a strip of land to be fully cleared and to be dotted with watch towers. This is to aid the border patrol in preventing flights from East Germany and illegal visits either way.

At Wartha, the East German control point, the train stopped for almost an hour. Uniforms, worn with an air of superiority, were much in evidence. Two border policemen, armed with rifles (bayonets fixed) watched from the top of the railway embankment. Police, wearing heavy boots and carrying tommy guns, assumed their posts alongside the train. Customs officials thoroughly inspected permits and passports and issued visas to foreigners. Representatives of the State Bank, also in uniform, appeared to sell East

marks. Passengers who had checked their heavy luggage were summoned to the baggage car for inspection. But hand baggage was only spot-checked.

I had been told that foreigners are usually not bothered but that West Germans are subjected even to frisking. One never knows, and there seems to be method in this haphazard procedure. Totalitarian régimes seem to be convinced that control is best assured by the imposition of a harassingly large number of regulations and bureaucratic procedures, all subject to unexpected change and to be applied irrationally and irregularly. Thus, when we tried to pay for our coffee with an East mark, it was rejected although we had entered the territory in which it is legal tender.

As we were approaching Weimar (the city of Goethe and indeed the shrine of the Golden Age of German literature), I noticed on a distant hillside a large monument. It honors the victims of the Buchenwald concentration camp.

The train slowed down where the track was being worked on. No machinery was used; among the section gang were women working with pick and shovel. There were also stretches along the line where the second track had been removed years ago; the rails were shipped to Russia as reparations. The rail traffic was heavy but the highways were deserted. The occasional cars and trucks appeared old and decrepit.

We entered the industrial region of Thuringia. The factories that I could see had been socialized, since the letters V.E.B., had become a part of the name of the firm (V.E.B.—*Volkseigner Betrieb*—enterprise owned by the people). The workers concern themselves with politics as well. The walls of the factories bore large inscriptions such as: The socialized brick factory of X demands the destruction of atomic weapons and pleads for peaceful coexistence.

We arrived in Leipzig at dusk. The central station is one of Germany's largest. However, we could not enter it because the platform was under repair. We got off and walked into the train shed under gaping holes overhead. The station was heavily bombed; the repairs are not yet completed, after almost fourteen years.

The fleeting impressions of a train ride suggest the reality of the division of Germany into two parts, artificial and unreason-

able though it may be. But impressions are haphazard, incomplete, and may be misleading. How do the facts support them?

The Allied Powers (France, Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union) agreed upon a division of Germany—which, importantly, entailed the dismemberment of Prussia, the traditional center of political and military gravity—in order to break all resistance and to prevent a resurgence of her power. This was intended as a temporary measure. As soon as Germany proved herself by giving up aggressive intentions, the occupation forces were to be removed and reunification permitted. However, the Cold War radically changed the prospect. In 1949, West Germany (or the American, British, and French zones) was constituted as the Federal Republic of Germany and, later in the same year, East Germany (Soviet zone) as the German Democratic Republic. Berlin, in East Germany, remained a politically divided island.

The West German republic, a little smaller than Colorado, has now about fifty million inhabitants; its Eastern counterpart, less than half as large, has seventeen million. West Germany has a stable democratic government. It has, practically speaking, a two-party system, represented by the Christian Democratic Union and the Social Democratic Party. Among the minority parties, only the Free Democratic Party must be taken into account (as a possible coalition partner). The conservative party is small and without influence; the Communists, though insignificant, have been outlawed.

Nationalism is a dead issue. National Socialism is wholly discredited. Although there are close to ten million evacuees and refugees (they come, in the main, from the eastern provinces that were ceded to Poland, and in smaller numbers, represent minority groups formerly living in Czechoslovakia and South European countries), this uprooted element has surprisingly not developed nationalistic or aggressively irredentist tendencies. Were it not for West Germany's astonishing economic recovery, it might be otherwise. And it is equally amazing that the division into East and West has not generated a nationalistic spirit either.

Militarism appears to be a dead issue, too. In the West, the veterans' organizations are at times vociferous but there is no re-

sponse to the noise. The new army, very little in evidence, depicts itself with reserve and enjoys no noticeable prestige. The situation in East Germany differs somewhat. There are a lot more uniforms, and they are worn with almost Prussian self-assurance. Even the police have a rather military look. There are also the uniformed Workers Combat Groups organized, after the upheaval of June, 1953, to defend their factories against the "counterrevolution."

These two facts, a stable government and the absence of an aggressive nationalism, do not necessarily indicate that the West German democracy is strong. It did not come into being because the people really wanted it and fought for it; the democratic spirit has not yet proved itself in adversity. The political stability stems in large measure from the people's desire for an undisturbed life and from the unchallenged dominance of one man: Konrad Adenauer, the Chancellor and the leader of the Christian Democratic Union. He is an old man, and an heir-apparent is not in sight. Furthermore, the Social Democratic Party is little more than the Chancellor's most humble opposition. West Germany's foreign policy is firmly oriented toward the West, smoothly geared to Washington's intentions. It is an active partner to NATO and to all efforts toward West European unity and cooperation.

East Germany is ruled by the Socialist Unity Party, a political aggregate of the Socialists and the Communists, dominated by the latter. Four liberal or democratic minority parties are tolerated. It is their purpose to neutralize the oppositional sentiment and to win their followers over to the socialist experiment. The single ballot is used for all elections. The minority parties are strongly represented on it (44 percent of the candidates), but the Socialist Unity Party (and its ancillaries like the trade unions) are assured of the majority. Thus the democratic procedures and institutions exist but only for purposes of approval and ratification. The decisions are made by the governing bodies of the Socialist Unity Party: its Central Committee (about one hundred members) and its Polit Bureau (about ten members).

Unity of political purpose and action in East Germany is the aim and, avowedly, the reality. However, here have been sharp disagreements as to how to carry out the socialist program, how fast and how rigidly. These disagreements led, in typical fashion,

to the expulsion of the dissidents (pleading a measure of moderation) from the ruling groups. The last of these expulsions was made in February, and Walther Ulbricht now rules unchallenged. He has been called "der Durchführer." The second element of the term carries an unmistakable connotation. But *durchführen* means to carry out, and Ulbricht does just that with the Kremlin's wishes. This is a weighty job because the Soviet Union considers East Germany its most important European outpost, assuring security rather than serving aggression. It is impossible to say how secure this outpost is. When in June, 1953, a rebellion broke out, after the Polish and before the Hungarian uprisings, Russian armored units had to move in to defeat the "counterrevolution."

The political problems of both sectors are, of course, closely tied to economic conditions. West Germany's economic recovery is indeed astonishing, because it involved a good deal more than a reconversion of an economy geared to war. But an "economic miracle" does not just happen. How was this one accomplished? An energetic, intelligent and efficient people went to work, with a singleness of purpose which seems typically German. Marshall Aid primed the pump, and wages were kept low during the early years of the reconstruction effort. Millions of refugees and evacuees, many of whom had lost everything and whose traditional way of living had been destroyed, devoted their best energies to material rehabilitation. (The stream of East German refugees is still a source of technical skill and qualified labor.) Since a large part of the industrial plant had to be rebuilt, it was reconstructed for maximum efficiency of operation. The product is also designed to be economical and of good quality, which makes it a good export article. The fortunate result has been that export has indeed greatly increased; it had to, because Germany is deficient in basic materials and thus compelled to import heavily.

But how strong and adaptable is West Germany's neo-liberal economy? It has been called a Cadillac economy capable of operating smoothly on an unobstructed highway. Whether or not it is also a jeep economy able to traverse rough terrain is the question which disturbs the thoughtful analyst.

East Germany, on the other hand, is engaged in a more demanding experiment: the building of a socialist society. The experiment is being attempted in a small, war-devastated country,

which is poor in resources—no steel, virtually no oil, inferior coal. Instead of receiving economic aid, it had to make reparations, not just in the form of industrial products but also of existing means of production and transportation. The population has decreased from nineteen to seventeen million, and the “fugitives from the Republic” generally represent the productive and skilled element. Their exodus has increased the ratio of unproductive elements remaining: children and particularly pensioners. The labor force is further depleted by a growing bureaucracy, a large police force, and an army.

Socialization has nevertheless advanced. All large and most medium-sized enterprises are expropriated, and there are those partly owned by the individual and partly by the state. The large farms are socialized or broken up. A farmer may own no more than 247 acres, and he is strongly urged to join an “agricultural productive union” (the counterpart of the Russian *kolchoz*). The remaining individually owned enterprises—industrial and agricultural—are under strong pressure. They find it increasingly hard to obtain machinery and materials. All export, trade, and financial transactions with foreign countries are state-controlled.

What is the measure of success of East Germany’s demanding experiment? Its standard of living (together with that of Czechoslovakia) is the highest of any country behind the Curtain, including the Soviet Union. At least this was the satisfied assurance given me by a knowledgeable East German economist. Whether this achievement is attributable to a capitalist heritage or to the new socialist system remains the question. The answer must probably be compounded.

Whatever the answer, there is no doubt that East Germany is hard at work. The people are constantly urged to show their devotion to the socialist ideal by raising the “norm” of productivity. But what do their labors yield? Food is in adequate supply though variety is lacking, imports being kept at a minimum. Meat and fats are still rationed; this is a nuisance, but it assures the housewife of a supply at low prices. There are four types of ration cards which favor the skilled worker, the political élite, and the intelligentsia. In the state-owned stores, unrestricted purchases (of all commodities) may be made at higher prices. But shopping generally, not just for good food, is often exasperating: one can

never be sure of what will be available, at what store, on what day, and at what hour. East Germans spend much time standing in line.

Clothes are drab and worn. Since the quality of what the stores offer is inferior and the prices are high, one is reluctant to buy and prefers to invest in food. (I was constantly amazed by the inordinate consumption of food—also a West German phenomenon, although for different reasons.) The East German government has therefore engaged in a campaign to induce the people to eat less and to spend more on other consumers' goods.

Housing is cramped. One builds and rebuilds as fast as possible, but since there is a shortage of labor and material, the maintenance of the old houses has to be neglected. This is one of the most disturbing sights: the decay of the old structures offsetting the gain of new ones.

After a marked decline, the quantity and quality of the industrial product have improved. Qualified observers have noted the excellence of certain types of heavy machinery and of precision and optical instruments.

East and West German economic conditions obviously do not compare. But considering the difficulties confronting the East (inadequate resources and the cost of the socialist experiment), one may well ask which side has performed the miracle. Whether this regimen of scarcity and ever more demanding effort will endure, is, however, a political question, not an economic one. Last year grave financial difficulties developed. The Soviet government granted the necessary loan, pre-eminently motivated by the consideration that its Central European citadel must be held secure.

Our visit to the Leipzig Trade Fair was exciting. The Soviet Union and the satellites (including China) were solidly represented. The exhibits of the Western World, excepting those of West Germany, were meager and haphazard; the United States was without representation. This was unfortunate because the Leipzig Fair is not only visited by businessmen, technicians, and managers but also, and in large numbers, by delegations of workers to see and to be convinced of the superiority of a socialist economy. Hence it seems that a U. S. exhibit would be an intelligent investment in propaganda for the West.

The Soviet Palace, a large but aesthetically inferior structure, was the center of attraction. In the large foyer the great statue of Stalin, which once greeted the entering visitor, has been replaced by a tasteful arrangement of blooming flowers. The exhibits from heavy machinery to consumers' goods were viewed by an unbroken stream of visitors. There was much solid stuff, but the farm implements appeared to my untrained eye to be inferior to the American product and the road-building machinery seemed outmoded. Only medium-sized automobiles were on display, and there was always a large crowd around them. But there was another, highly contrasting automobile exhibition. On one of the roads of the fairgrounds, a Swiss visitor parked his Cadillac, and there was always a crowd around it too, obviously intrigued by this improbable conveyance.

The Russian consumers' goods (textiles, leather, furnishings, china) were of poor quality and, for the most part, of a design and color scheme which may have satisfied the lower middle class before World War I.

The social patterns that have evolved in East and West Germany correspond to the economic and political systems. Characteristic of West Germany is the resurgence of the middle class. Its stratification is great; there is even ostentatious display of wealth and the conspicuous type of consumption. (Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* has just been translated into German.) The clientele of restaurants, cafés, and theaters often appears stuffy and stolid to a depressing degree. The working class has turned bourgeois. There is no political or social radicalism, in spite of the concentration of wealth, the inadequacy of the lower incomes, and the rising prices.

In East Germany, socialism has eliminated the economically privileged. The middle class is being squeezed out of existence. By contrast, workers and small farmers enjoy a preferred status. The possibilities of social advancement are considerable, particularly for the faithful and energetic adherents to the régime. The condition of the lower-income groups is tolerable: there is no unemployment, prices are fixed (and, in a few instances, have recently been lowered), and the social benefits are numerous—

most important among them being free medical care including hospitalization. Superior status is enjoyed by the political élite, the managerial group, the scientists, the engineers, and the intelligentsia—artists, journalists, and professors.

Education confronts serious problems on either side of the Curtain. Facilities had to be rebuilt, and new schools are needed to accommodate increased enrollments. There is a shortage of teaching personnel. In West Germany, the elementary schools are in difficulty because prospective teachers prefer to train for the better paying secondary school positions. The university faculties, traditionally very exclusive clubs, are reluctant to increase the membership. In East Germany, serious problems arise from political loyalty, the socialist devotion of the teacher, and the replacement of the university professors escaping to West Germany. During the first three months of this year, some forty of them have fled. (The escape involves a very grave decision: one must leave everything behind except what he can carry in a suitcase.)

Elementary and secondary education is free. In West Germany, the university tuition and fees are low, and often waived, but the student must pay for his room and board. In East Germany, higher education is completely free. Expropriated houses have been converted into dormitories and centers of socialist community living. To counteract the ill effects of academic specialization, the Western universities have been experimenting with a *studium generale*—comparable to our General Education—seemingly with only moderate success. In the East, basic courses in the social sciences—which are actually courses on the writings of Marx and Lenin—are required of all students. Sixty percent of these students must be children of workers and small farmers. In East Germany, one generally hears favorable comments concerning the interest and performance of the students. In the West, one frequently hears that the students are too often motivated by the material and social benefits accruing from higher education.

Religion is a strong institutional force in West Germany. The dominant party significantly calls itself the Christian Democratic Union—an indication of the religious affiliation of the West Germans. The federal and state governments support the churches. Though not obligatory, religion is taught in all schools. On the secondary level, only those who have taken a full theological course

at a university are certified to teach; the instruction is regularly supervised by church officials. However, it is questionable if, since the collapse of National Socialism, there has been a true revival of the religious spirit. I have heard no positive answer, but instead expressions of concern over a general preoccupation with comfort and pleasure.

East Germany is preponderantly Protestant. The government tolerates religion, granting freedom of worship. However, the church is expected to be loyal to the state and must concern itself strictly with spiritual matters. But at the same time the state engages in a general program of Marxist indoctrination which also involves institutional practices. Boys and girls are urged to forego confirmation and to accept instead a sort of initiation in the socialist brotherhood (*Jugendweihe* consecration of youth).

This anti-religious campaign can certainly claim success. On the other hand, the church, especially its youth and student groups, seems to have gained in inner strength. Marxism hardly satisfies the true spiritual need, and there are those for whom the Party is an unsatisfactory substitute for the community of the spirit. A political system which aims at the conforming mind engenders recalcitrance. An intelligent supporter of the régime told me that it was this spirit of non-conformism, of opposition, which gave the church its new or regenerate members.

Books may contribute to this nonconformity. The book trade is flourishing. Last year, which saw about eleven thousand books published in the U. S., some sixteen thousand new titles were published in West Germany, considerably fewer in the East, where there is not enough money to import the material and to buy publishing licenses. The criteria of usefulness and desirability are stringent. In the West, the bookstores are heavily and splendidly stocked, also with translations: the American authors, from Melville to Faulkner, are strongly in evidence. However, the fly-by-night stuff, literary entertainment of the light and sensational variety is also widely displayed. The highly competitive book business forces the publisher to search constantly for new talent or at least for the "new wrinkle," for best-selling "originality."

Leipzig, once the book capital of Germany, has declined because most of the publishers have moved west of the Curtain and a West German book cannot be imported to East Germany: a

separate edition is necessary, the license for which must be paid in hard currency. This leads to odd situations. The late Bert Brecht, Germany's outstanding modern playwright, a good Communist but also a good businessman, had his collected works published by a Western firm from which the Eastern publisher had to buy the license.

The bookstores in Leipzig are well stocked with textbooks, scientific and Marxist literature, and that variety of fiction which is designated as "socialist realism." Among the latter are many Russian titles but also East European ones which are virtually unknown beyond the Curtain. The classics (both German and foreign) are evidently in great demand. (I noticed with interest a new Dostoevski edition because, until recently at least, his works were unavailable in Russian bookstores.)

The stocks of the secondhand bookstores are heavily depleted; the demand far exceeds the supply. An independent bookseller told me of a widespread and genuine interest in good books and that his business was giving him greater satisfaction than ever before. He had only one problem: how to satisfy the demands of his customers, many of whom were young people. In West Germany, I heard the complaint that the motorcycle or the trip to Italy was too frequently preferred to the book. It may well be that where the automotive conveyance or the journey to Naples is unavailable, as in East Germany, one is more inclined to reach for a book.

The variety of West German newspapers is great. An example of excellence is the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*: the news coverage is broad and balanced, the financial page eminently readable, the feuilleton interesting and well written, and the sports page engagingly small. There is also a widely read yellow press: the scandal sheets and journalism of the audio-visual variety.

In East Germany, there is only one press; the difference between the official organs of the Socialist Unity Party and the papers of the political minority groups are but minuscule. The news is "loaded," often distorted and even falsified. Reporting of the recession in the United States was ruthlessly propagandistic. (The unemployment figure for February was given as exceeding six million.) West German newspapers are unavailable in the Eastern sector, and I was reliably told that of the staff of an East German

paper, only the editor-in-chief may read a West German paper, which is personally delivered to him by a courier. There are no foreign newspapers either.

During the Leipzig Fair, the newsstands announced the availability of the international press. I went to buy but there were only Communist papers. The only way of getting at the Western side of the news is by the radio, which may be listened to openly. Although you are supposed to desist from listening to West German or foreign broadcasts if the neighbor officially complains that the queer noise bothers him, you can always turn your radio low.

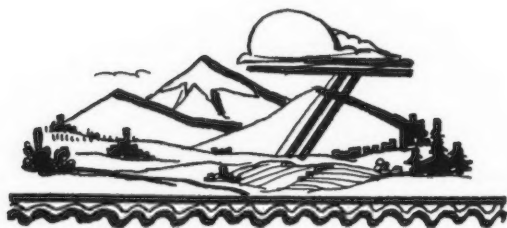
The theater is a lively business, as it has always been, in Germany. It was unfortunate (and accidental) that the productions I saw in West Germany were mediocre, the exception being the literary cabaret in Munich, which was excellent. I was rewarded, however, by the East German stage. The notable experience was the ingeniously produced and sprightly acted comedy *The Liar* by Goldoni, an eighteenth century Italian playwright. There is a good deal of social satire in it. Where it applied to present-day conditions, it was greeted with unrestrained applause.

While the West German enjoys complete freedom of movement, his Eastern brother is grievously hampered by restrictions. His mark is exchanged (illegally) at four to one of the Western counterpart. He may travel to West Germany but once a year and then only if he has very close relatives there. In case the relatives are "fugitives of the Republic" (having left East Germany illegally), visits either way are forbidden for three years. Currency regulations and the government's reluctance to permit contacts with the capitalistic world make it impossible for the East German to travel outside the Communist orbit. This "splendid isolation" (an elderly Easterner, partial to the régime, used this term in a spirit compounded of nostalgia and cynicism) is the source of much unhappiness and strongly motivates the desire for reunification, especially in East Germany.

What are the chances for the twain to meet? The reunification of Germany is pre-eminently a question of international politics. The world powers, all their oratory to the contrary, are probably satisfied with the status quo. Germany's rapid recovery against overwhelming odds—the "miracle"—must give them pause. If the Curtain were raised, Germany would become a redoubtable

partner in international politics. She might develop a disturbing proclivity for independent action, whereas now Washington can rely on West Germany and Moscow has a dependable ally holding the European outpost.

The spectre of one strong Germany doubtless haunts the secondary powers, east and west. The Adenauer régime, submitting to the United States, does not energetically demand reunification. The East German government is submissive to the Kremlin. How would its Socialist Unity Party fare in a free election? It would receive 15 percent of the votes, according to West German observers, 30 percent, according to informed East Germans. Mr. Ulbricht and his élite are probably disinclined to play a minor role. Significantly, the East German slogan has been changed from "reunification" to "confederation." Even if one could assume that the West and East German politicians are honestly interested in reunification—or confederation—they are probably deterred by the complicated difficulties of trying to reconcile capitalism and socialism. An early union of the twain seems unlikely.



The Colorado columbine

RICHARD G. BEIDLEMAN

In the shady mountain woodlands of conifer and aspen west of Palmer Lake, the blue and white columbines still bloom during the Colorado summers. It was in July of 1820, somewhere in these hills, that a young New England botanist collected the first specimen of what later was to become the Colorado state flower.

Edwin James was a member of Major Samuel Long's Yellowstone Expedition. A series of misadventures, financial and otherwise, changed Long's original destination from the Yellowstone to the South Platte; and on June 30, 1820, at eight in the morning, the party was within distant sight of the snowcapped Rockies, including the peak which came to bear Long's name. After a few days of exploration into the headwaters country of the Platte River, the company moved south along the sedimentary foothills, up the west branch of Plum Creek, and finally across to the beaver-dammed tributaries of the Arkansas.



On July 10, after a leisurely noon meal, while some of the men snoozed in the shade of the narrow-leaf cottonwoods beside Monument Creek and artist Seymour dashed off a sketch of "Castle Rock" (now Elephant Rock at the southeast outskirts of Palmer Lake village), James and several companions took a constitutional up the nearby mountainside. As James narrated, "In an excursion from this place, a large species of columbine, somewhat resembling the common one of the gardens. It is heretofore unknown to the flora of the United States, to which it forms a splendid acquisition. . . . It inhabits shady woods of pine and spruce within the moun-

tains, rising sometimes to the height of three feet. . . . If it should appear not to have been described, it may receive the name of *Aquilegia coerulea*."

James probably forgot about the columbine a few days later when he led the first party to scale Pike's Peak and, incidentally, collected myriads of the diminutive new alpine flowers found growing there. His species name for our columbine has remained, however: *coerulea*, the color of the Colorado sky. The generic word *Aquilegia* had been designated almost a century earlier by the original coinor of scientific names, Karl Linnaeus, for the European columbines. This descriptive term, derived incorrectly but with the best of intentions from the Latin *aquila* for eagle, refers to the five eagle-talon-like, nectar-tipped spurs of the blossom. Even the common name *columbine*, from the Latin for dove-like, is picturesquely appropriate, comparing the inverted flower to a group of five pigeons. All of these appellations for a relative of the bog buttercup!

Within the lifetime of younger members of Long's Expedition, Edwin James' columbine became an unofficial symbol for the Centennial State. By the Gay Nineties, selection of official state flowers in the United States had become the vogue, and Colorado made overtures in that direction in 1891. For Arbor Day of that year it was proposed that balloting for a state flower be carried out by school children participating in Arbor Day exercises. Teachers were to report the voting on special forms transmitted to the Department of Public Instruction through their county school superintendents.

Arbor Day morning, April 17, was set aside for appropriate ceremonies. Those children who didn't play hooky gathered at the public schools, vigorously planted trees (1,200 at University Park in Denver), gave orations like "Why Our Prairies are Failures" and "Uses of Parts of Cocconut Tree," sang propaganda songs like "To the Columbine," then trooped to the polls. By noon the vote was in, students scattered to vacant lots for an afternoon of "baseball and other pastimes," and the counting began.

To no one's surprise, the columbine was chosen the state flower in a landslide. Over 22,300 school children had participated in the voting, naming more than fifty different flowers. Nearly 15,000 had voted for the columbine. Strangely enough, the runner-up was

cactus, with 1,027. Mariposa lily, yucca, wild rose, goldenrod, and anemone were other favorites. The cauliflower never had a chance outside of its single vote from Fort Collins, and, fortunately, neither the dandelion nor the thistle made a good showing. Votes from 636 broad-minded youngsters were cast for anonymous flowers, and one erudite student picked "manroot," which, one finds upon investigation, is a wild western cucumber with an edible root.

The choice of the columbine delighted practically everyone. However, as some professor cautiously pointed out, the vote might not be final. New York had chosen the goldenrod the previous year but was voting again to decide between the goldenrod and wild rose. In Colorado, proponents of soapweed might demand a recount. Although actually there was never to be another contest, legislators in the excitement of the moment forgot to legalize the choice of the columbine, and the state remained officially flowerless for almost another decade.

In January of 1899, probably bound to their community by heavy snows and with plenty of time for reflection, the good ladies of the Cripple Creek Women's Club discovered that the columbine had never legally become a state emblem. Quickly they brought this unfortunate matter to the attention of Senator Kennedy, who came "gallantly to the rescue and prepared a bill to provide for the deficiency on the statute books." Calculated the *Cripple Creek Citizen*, " . . . the club women will soon be happy."

The bill, which was introduced into the Twelfth General Assembly by Senator Ammons, "hardest working man of the session," was No. 261, "a bill for an act in relation to a state flower." The only difficulty this legislation encountered was in point of grammar, with an amendment changing "a" to "the" before "state flower." On the morning of March 10, a Friday, the amended bill was read the third time and passed with twenty-nine yeas, no nays. The following Tuesday, Governor Thomas made official the choice of the columbine for state flower. As a news item it created an infinitesimal splash. More exciting, obviously, was the riot in the House on the session's last day over the theft of a bill, and whispers of embalmed beef being sold to federal troops.

Subsequently, laws were passed which protected the new state flower "from needless destruction or waste." It became unlawful on public lands to "tear said flowers up by the roots" or to take

more than twenty-five blossoms in any one day. The flowers couldn't be picked on private land without consent. Violators were liable to fines of five to fifty dollars. Fittingly enough, when a state song was chosen by the legislature in 1915, it was "Where the Columbines Grow," words and music by A. J. Fynn.

To modern Colorado citizens and visitors alike, the sight of a cluster of nodding columbines in the shade of a grove of quaking aspens, high in the Colorado Rockies, leaves an unforgettable impression. No more fitting and beautiful flower could represent a great western state priding herself on a bountiful out-of-doors.

MOONDOG

By ANNE HYDE GREET

Mortals, look where Kudryavka soars entombed,
past Valhalla, past Olympus,
whirls with the Northern lights,
whimpers at thunder,
waltzes lonely beneath the Dog Star.
She has found a new master—Orion,
new prairies
with stars for daisies.

Angels pause in their dance, cry, "Lord!
Kudryavka disrupts Your ballroom."
Innocent trespasser in heaven,
canine comet,
savouring a darkness softer than Siberian snows,
she flames near the Great Bear
and barks
at the world below.

Why Shakespeare?

TOM SMALL

For the past several years the Drama Division of the University of Colorado has produced one Shakespearean play and one musical comedy each summer. This year the musical-comedy tradition will be carried on as usual with *Carousel*; but the Shakespearean portion of the summer season has been expanded to a two-week festival of three plays.

Enthusiasm for this new project, as might be expected, is not by any means unanimous; nor has the plan met with unqualified approval. A certain amount of indifference is to be anticipated; and it is not surprising to discover skepticism concerning the methods and organization of the festival.

What *has* surprised me is the reaction of some few members of the "academic community"—a reaction which might be summed up in the words, "It'll never sell—no matter how you go about it." To my mind this forthright cynicism stems from about the same source as the less outspoken reservation which I sometimes encounter in "the outside world"—the feeling that Shakespeare is not "modern" enough to attract a sufficient audience to make a two-week festival worthwhile.

In its mildest form, this feeling that Shakespeare is too old-fashioned is unobjectionable enough; there is something to be said for many of the theories regarding "modernization" of costume, setting, and staging of Elizabethan drama. However, I draw the line at the question posed by one public relations man. "I think it's a fine idea," he said. "You're going to modernize the language, aren't you?"

Preserving my composure, I explained briefly that "modernized" Shakespeare would no longer be Shakespeare. My antagonist nodded vigorously. "Oh, yes, of course," he said. But a slight crease of the brow indicated that I had been found guilty of specious, circular logic and of prejudice in the first degree.

His question was one I had not expected to have to answer. And yet it appears to me to differ only in degree, not in kind, from ob-

jections to "outmoded" setting and staging. The common emphasis is upon Shakespeare's remoteness from the present.

Another reaction I had not expected points in the same direction; a few of those who are familiar with past Creative Arts summer programs seem to regret that we have instituted a repertory festival of Shakespearean plays rather than a festival of musical comedies. As one person phrased it (only half-jokingly, I fear), "If you *must* do something Shakespearean, why not *Kiss Me, Kate* rather than *The Taming of the Shrew*?" Whether such questions are prompted by a feeling that we are failing to "cash in" properly on the financial success of past summer musicals or by a genuine preference for musical comedy over Shakespearean drama, the basic sentiment, in either case, is in favor of the "new" as opposed to the "old."

Why not "live modern"? *Carousel* is in a modern idiom. It is an excellent musical. And, as many critics and theater-goers have remarked, the most exciting, most original, and most satisfying theater on Broadway today is often to be found in musicals. Why not play it safe? What is wrong with a two-week repertory festival of musical comedy?

Absolutely nothing. Not only would it be financially successful, it would also be eminently worthwhile. The University would be doing a service to students, to area residents and tourists, and to the Chamber of Commerce.

There remains, however, one major objection to musical comedy "festivals" such as those which have been so successful in summer stock on the East coast: they only provide *more* of what the majority apparently want and of what they are already able to get—in considerable quantity and of variable quality—on television and in the movie theater.

Those who scorn the Colorado Shakespeare Festival or who predict failure on the grounds that Shakespeare is not sufficiently contemporary, are, I believe, applying to the "entertainment market" the same theory which has been applied to most other markets. This theory holds that success is to be gained only by taking an already successful product and giving it a different sales twist. Since practice seems to prove the theory, the entertainment world—like other worlds—is in danger of being reduced to endless variation upon a light-gray uniformity.

Theatrical experience is available to the average person in far greater quantity than ever before. And yet, at the same time, we get less *variety* of theatrical experience than our grandfathers got, even in the "wilds of Colorado." In the single year 1887, regular patrons of the opera houses in Central City, Denver, and Leadville, could see vaudeville troupes, melodramas, Gilbert and Sullivan, a liberal selection of seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century plays, seances, and lectures on everything from interior decoration to physical culture and dress reform. And in that same year they could see at least five different companies—including Mme. Modjeska's, Edwin Booth's, and Augustin Daly's—in eighteen performances of eleven different Shakespearean plays.

At present, good entertainment is available in quantities our grandfathers never dreamed of—it is rarely any farther away than the nearest wall socket. And yet, in the midst of plenty, there is danger of starvation. The danger does not lie in the fact that there is anything inherently harmful about TV or movies or musical comedy. There is only the danger that the average person's experience of theater has become diluted to the point of including *nothing but* TV and an occasional movie. The demand for "modern" entertainment is so great that the market has been oversupplied; but the hypnotized consumer continues to consume, adding a sort of overgorged stupefaction to his original hypnosis. The average man, whose capacity for theatrical experience is necessarily limited, is quite able to glut his appetite, not with entertainment which is "inferior" but with entertainment which is "limited."

A university theater is not in a position to *combat* TV and movies, nor should it try to do so. A university theater exists to amplify and intensify the range of theater available to include that which by its nature, cannot often be presented on TV or in movies. Those who object to Shakespeare on grounds that he is not "modern" enough have been conditioned by the always "up-to-date" entertainment available on TV. (Whether they like or dislike TV entertainment, the "conditioning" has done its work.) The function of the Colorado Shakespeare Festival is only to break down that conditioning—or "hypnosis"—and to widen the experience of the individual interested in theatrical entertainment.

A friend of mine who has devoted much of his life to the study

of Shakespeare, attributes his interest to his mother's urging him, when he was eleven years old (and an ardent movie fan), to see William Thornton's repertory company. He saw five plays in three days, and the entire center of his life and interests was changed.

The objective of a Shakespeare festival is hardly to change the center of the spectator's life—the theater must, for better or worse, leave that objective to psychiatry. Strengthening the spectator's enjoyment and experience of life—opening up areas and modes of experience not available to him elsewhere—is, however, a legitimate function of the theater. There can be no other reason for its existence. It is this function, this *responsibility*, which theater has, at least in part, shirked.

The opportunity that my friend had is not available today to very many people. Hi-fi records enable us to listen to any variety of music, reproduced in concert-hall quality, as often as we like; the variety and depth of Shakespearean drama as living theater is still as far away as the nearest repertory festival.

Not more than three or four hundred thousand people a year are able to attend the six major festivals in the United States and Canada—paid attendance last year for *My Fair Lady* was equal to that for all of the Shakespearean festivals. (This fact, oddly enough, has been cited as an argument against Shakespeare festivals.) And yet, wherever festivals have been established—most of them within the past ten years—they have been increasingly popular and successful.

The Oregon Shakespearean Festival, now the oldest repertory festival in the United States, began in 1935 as a three-day affair sponsored by the community of Ashland, a town of around eight thousand people. In 1957 the festival ran a four-play repertory for a total of five weeks. Since 1953, when total attendance was around fifteen thousand, the festival has steadily increased in popularity, until in 1957 there were twenty-five thousand visitors in five weeks. The Institute for Renaissance Studies now operated in conjunction with the festival draws scholars from all over the English-speaking world.

The most spectacular success has been that of the Canadian Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario. In 1951, Stratford, a town of about eighteen thousand, appeared to be without much future. Its principal industry, a steam locomotive repair works,

was being ruined by the Canadian Pacific Railroad's switch to diesel, and the young people were leaving town to find work elsewhere.

Tom Patterson, a reporter for a Toronto monthly magazine, came to the city council with a proposal for holding a Shakespeare festival. The council invested \$500 in travel money for Patterson to investigate the possibilities. Tyrone Guthrie was called in as a consultant—Guthrie advised nothing short of an all-out effort.

Before long the entire community was behind the project. Over \$250,000 was raised. Shops and factories turned to producing props—shields, swords, banners, armor. Housewives turned to sewing costumes. Construction companies donated time and materials to erection of facilities.

In 1952, its first year of operation, the festival had over sixty-five thousand visitors. There are now film, music, art, and drama festivals in addition to the Shakespearean repertory, and festival attendance averages over one hundred thousand annually. Once apprehensive of disaster, the townspeople now find themselves in one of the cultural centers of Canada.

Smaller festivals, however, have also been remarkably successful, even without the attraction of the well-known stars who appear with the Canadian company and with the other "Stratford" festival in Connecticut, which is also wholly professional. The Antioch Shakespeare Festival in Ohio was established in 1952 by Antioch College in the belief that "an institution of higher learning can make significant cultural contributions to the area in which it is located." As the first season got under way, the total working capital was \$6,000.

After almost failing financially during the first half of the season—when the motto was "If there is a crowd of twenty-five, the show goes on"—attendance began to pick up. Within two years Shakespeare's plays were taking in more money than any contemporary plays produced during seventeen previous summer seasons at Antioch.

In 1955 the festival had a total attendance of over fifty thousand. The following year the festival expanded to include another acting company in Toledo, the money for the expansion, \$100,000, being raised by a Toledo businessman, Martin Janis. Janis and his associates expected to lose money the first year, but dozens of

Toledo companies purchased blocks of tickets, and the Toledo group played to capacity audiences every night—despite interruptions from roaring and howling animals in the Toledo zoo, where the new stage had been erected.

The Antioch festival had originally been planned as a five-year project to produce all of Shakespeare's plays—in 1957 the project was completed. But popular demand would not allow the festival to be discontinued. In 1959, after a year's layoff to renovate the facilities, the Antioch festival will begin again.

Antioch is an example of what a college or university can do for an area; the San Diego National Shakespeare Festival is an example of what can be done by a community theater. Beginning in 1947, the San Diego Community Theatre produced at least one of Shakespeare's plays every summer. But in 1953 a contemporary play was substituted. Members of the theater and the community did not like the substitution. The following summer a Shakespearean repertory festival was inaugurated. It is now an entirely self-supporting community project, producing a three-play repertory for six weeks every summer.

That Shakespeare will "sell" once audiences have experienced several of his plays as living theater is further demonstrated by the New York City festival. Chartered by the New York State Education Department in 1954, the "Shakespearean Theater Workshop" had its first home in a converted warehouse on the lower East side. Plays were produced there and then taken on tour in the New York City public schools. No admission was charged; support was wholly by contribution. Salaries for staff and actors were nominal or non-existent; most of the workshop members held day-time jobs elsewhere, devoting their evenings and their week ends to the workshop merely for the experience and "the cause."

By the summer of 1957, the festival was able, with a portable stage, to tour the city parks, still with no admission charge. For a while, it looked as if the company might not be able to complete its season: there were not enough funds to transport the stage and, with more elaborate productions, the expense of costumes and properties had become prohibitive. The festival was finally forced to settle down in one of the parks to wait for more funds.

The New York newspapers, which had already expressed great admiration for the accomplishments of Joseph Papp, the festival's

managing director, supported his appeal for funds; and soon the festival was touring again. The bills were paid, the actors were salaried, and colorful costumes and settings were available to help convey the excitement of Shakespearean drama to spectators in parks situated where many residents of the area understand only a little English. Last summer the New York festival proved that Shakespeare can be popular not only among people who know nothing about his plays and his times but even among those who do not understand the language in which he wrote.

All of these festivals have demonstrated that Shakespearean repertory invariably stimulates more interest than a single Shakespearean production. Perhaps it takes more than one play for audiences to snap out of their "modern" TV-idiom. Perhaps now it takes three plays to get "the feel" of Elizabethan drama. Certainly it takes at least three plays to experience the variety and depth of Shakespeare. Diversity and depth of feeling are missing from much of our modern theater—both legitimate and otherwise.

It is not the intention of the Colorado Shakespeare Festival to "go professional" or to dazzle the theatrical world as the Canadian festival has. The intention is no more than to provide for the Rocky Mountain area what has already been provided elsewhere.

Antioch, Oregon, San Diego—all three festivals have demonstrated that excellent Shakespearean repertory can be produced by drawing on the resources of the "academic" world. The Oregon festival, which has been highly acclaimed by critics, draws its direction and production staff from colleges and universities, and most of the actors are college students on scholarships offered by the festival. The Colorado festival will operate in the same way.

J. H. Crouch, director of the University Theater at Colorado, will serve as executive director for the festival and will direct one of the plays, *Hamlet*. Hal J. Todd, of Idaho State College, who directed and acted with the Oregon festival in 1956 and with the San Diego festival in 1957, will come to Colorado to direct *Julius Caesar*. Gerald Kahan, chairman of the drama department at Reed College, Oregon, will direct *The Taming of the Shrew*. Each of these men, in addition to directing—and perhaps taking minor parts in one another's plays—will teach summer session courses in literature and drama.

The production staff will also be drawn from university faculties,

our own as well as others. Anthony L. Kadlec, University Theater technical director here, will supervise the technical work on all three plays. Jacqueline Beyer, who has worked on previous Shakespearean productions here and who is now a geography professor at Montana State University, will assist Kadlec. And Inge Schmidt, assistant costumer for the Oregon festival since 1954 and now in the drama department at Long Beach State College in California, will costume the three productions.

Most of the acting company will be drawn from colleges and universities. Announcements of the ten acting scholarships being offered were sent out to all college theaters in the country. The awards were made not only on the basis of the applicants' acting experience and recommendations from directors who had worked with them, but also according to the festival scholarship committee's evaluation of their ability to play at least two major parts in the three plays to be presented.

A few of the scholarship actors this year will be former students now employed in teaching or professional theater or, in one case, the diplomatic service, but most will be students, undergraduate and graduate, from drama departments here and elsewhere. The acting company will be rounded out by try-outs open to all summer session students. And members of the community will also be welcome to participate in festival activities.

If the Colorado festival is similar to other festivals in organization, it will differ considerably in staging facilities and techniques. Most of the other festivals use stages which are replicas or modifications of the Globe Playhouse where Shakespeare's plays were originally produced. The Mary Rippon Theater, where the Colorado festival will be held, is an outdoor amphitheater which, while it makes no attempt to reproduce exactly the playing areas of the Globe, still allows the spirit and intention of Elizabethan staging to be followed.

Designed by Dr. George F. Reynolds, a Shakespearean scholar who is now professor emeritus at the University, the stage consists of stone platforms and steps which serve to break the grass playing area into several different levels. Small trees and shrubs toward the sides and rear of the various playing areas help, according to the lighting employed, to confine the scene to one area, to allow free flow from one area to another, or to provide natural back-

ground for the many outdoor scenes in Shakespeare's plays. The Mary Rippon Theater is the only Shakespearean festival theater which uses natural surroundings to create a stage which allows for free adaptation from Elizabethan staging techniques.

A minimum of setting is employed within these surroundings—tents, banners, sometimes an additional platform, and the usual small props are sufficient, along with colorful Elizabethan or Roman costuming, to provide the few “trimmings” necessary to Shakespearean drama.

For the first season, three of Shakespeare's best-known plays have been chosen—*Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*—plays which, together, are representative of the range of Shakespearean drama. By producing these plays, with a staff and acting company drawn from colleges and universities throughout the country, it will be possible for the University to make a contribution which is undoubtedly less tangible than its contributions in some other areas of study but which is nonetheless a “real” contribution.

Universities are working hard to increase the student's practical experience of science and engineering, using the finest of laboratory equipment and materials. There is every reason for working equally hard to increase his experience of the finest in dramatic literature. Perhaps there is an even greater need for enriching our emotional experience than there is for increasing our scientific knowledge.

The University of Colorado has built a reputation as a training ground for scientists and as a center of scientific activity. And the single dramatic gesture of United Nations Week has established the University as a center of interest in politics, international affairs, and economics. It is not impossible that we could, with the single gesture of a Shakespearean repertory festival—the first in the Rocky Mountain area—establish Colorado University as a center of interest for theater and drama.

Our purpose is not to create “divine discontent” with up-to-date entertainment or to replace it—the aim is merely to create an awareness that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy and to add some of them to the list of those which are readily available.

Two poems

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE RAID ON CATRAETH

(After Aneirin)

Three hundred and sixty
Gold-collared men
Paid for their mead
In the raid on Catraeth.

The yellow mead
Was a sweet snare.
Many a year
Musicians played.

Warriors, minstrels,
Horns and goblets—
After rejoicing
Silence settles.

Their spirit, it was,
Cut short their days,
And the power of horses,
Slim and steaming.

Gold-collared men—
Their swords were red
And their shields were white
And their spears were splintered.

Their lives paid for
Their feast of mead.
Though they were killed,
They killed also.

They slew in battle
Their number times seven.
Mothers remember
How their swords rang.

Widows were made
Before their greyness.
Short were their lives,
Long the mourning.

How many ever
Whose hands had held
The shining mead
Saw their fathers again?

Only one man,
And he no coward,
Ever came home
To his belongings.

I, from my bleeding,
For my song's sake
Came back home.
I was the one.

This is my witness.
Death got them all.
On Hyddwn Hill
They paid for their mead.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM GIVES UP ON
THE GIRLS FROM LLANBADARN

I am one of passion's churls,
Plague on all these parish girls!
Though I long for them like mad,
Not one female have I had,
Not a one in all my life,
Virgin, damsel, hag, or wife.
What maliciousness, what lack,
What does make them turn their back?
Would it do them harm, or good,
Being with me in the wood?
Would it be a shame to be
In a lair of leaves with me?
No one's ever been so bitched,

So bewildered, so bewitched,
Saving Garwy's lunatics,
By their foul fantastic tricks.
So I fall in love, I do,
Every day, with one or two,
Get no closer, any day,
Than an arrow's length away.
Every single Sunday, I,
Llandabarn can testify,
Go to church and take my stand
With my plumed hat in my hand,
Turn my back on holy God,
Face the girls and wink and nod
For a long, long time, and look
Over feathers at the folk.
Suddenly, what do I hear
Rising quick and rising clear?
A girl's voice — (the other one
Isn't slow at catching on) —
"See that simple fellow there,
Pale, and with his sister's hair,
Giving me those leering looks
Wickeder than any crook's?"
"Don't you think that he's sincere?"
Says the other in her ear.
"All I'll tell him is, *Get out!*
Let the Devil take the lout!"
Pretty payment, in return
For the love with which I burn.
Burn, — for what? The bright girl's gift
Offers me the shortest shrift.
I must give them up, resign
These fear-haunted ways of mine.
Better be a hermit, thief,
Anything, to bring relief.
O strange lesson, that I must
Go companionless and lost,
All because I looked too long,
I, who loved the power of song!

Khrushchev's second challenge

WYN F. OWEN

If ever there was a time when the United States needed a critical evaluation of the total impact of its restrictionist import policy it is now. In this area, America remains far too strongly committed to policies which are hopelessly out of date and unrealistic in terms of the needs of today.

In the wake of Russia's spectacular demonstration of the fact that her scientific accomplishments far exceed the limits wished upon her by the inherent skepticism of the West, Mr. Khrushchev has quite blatantly warned against the probable repetition of the same mistake on a far more critical front. This warning came in the form of an open challenge: "We declare war upon you," said Mr. Khrushchev last November, "in the peaceful field of trade." Considering the effect of a Russian victory in such a contest, it is alarming that this hurling of the gauntlet by the Red Knight of the Kremlin thus far has stirred such little reaction. The shadow of Sputnik, it would seem, continues to obscure from our vision the precise nature of the contest which is going to decide the issues between East and West in the years to come.

It is tempting but not very reassuring to dismiss Khrushchev's remarks as mere ejaculations. He may be overly boastful and bombastic by nature. But we may well be advised not to shut our eyes to the fact that the contest he talks about already has been underway for some time. Syria and Egypt, and for that matter Southeast Asia in general, provide cases in point and the record has little in it to deflate Mr. Khrushchev's ego. It would be foolish indeed to assume that he was blindly committing himself to a "long shot chance" when he openly stated that the contest would be carried forward whether or not the United States chose to make it official.

The strategic components of a stepped-up trade contest are not difficult to isolate. Most important is the fact that it would in practice involve a double contest—a two-front war. On the one

hand, there is the question of whether the United States or Russia—together with their various allies and satellites—has the greater capacity to provide the uncommitted nations of the world with the types of goods and services they need to have if they are to succeed in building up their own industries and their self-respect. On the other hand, and more important, is the matter of the conditions under which the United States and Russia are willing to make this aid available.

In spite of any satellite-inspired illusions to the contrary, it is evident that for the immediate future the United States has far less to fear on the first mentioned front of the contest than the second. The United States has what Mr. Khrushchev must consider a most enviable capacity to produce both the investment goods needed to improve the economic structure of the poorer countries and the military weapons which apparently are necessary to satisfy the pride of their rulers. However, whether or not America also has the capacity to accept payment for such material exports in the only real form of international currency that has ever existed—namely, goods—is a much more debatable question. All that can be said is that the presence of the capacity to export is of very little account if it cannot be matched by an equal capacity to import. These two matters are truly two sides of the same coin when set in the same time perspective as the contest Khrushchev has in mind.

The problem the United States is up against is epitomized by the slogan "Trade not Aid." This slogan in one form or another has been heard throughout Asia ever since this country stepped into the role of leadership in the so-called "free world." "Give us a chance to pay for what we need to buy, either from you or someone else," expresses the same sentiment. The simple fact is that no one who hopes to retain any self-respect will freely accept a loan which does not carry with it the possibility of repayment. Americans are not given to doing so; they are far too proud for that. But by the same token, Americans should not delude themselves into thinking that they have any monopoly on pride. Most other peoples and nations see such matters in about the same light. It is not necessary to go beyond the Russian-Egyptian arms-for-cotton deal to prove that.

There is of course a familiar counter to the above line of argu-

ment. It is that the United States cannot be expected to go around the world offering to accept cotton in payment for its own exports. What about its own cotton producers overwhelmed as they are with their own surplus? Surely such a deal would react unfavorably on them? This is not to be denied. But the problem I am concerned with is not discernible in these terms. It is not limited to cotton. Rather it relates to the fact that if one goes down the list of almost every commodity that underdeveloped countries wish to trade for machines, guns, and know-how, the same argument presents itself from the American point of view. And irrespective of the apparent logic of the argument in every case the critical question still remains. Under these circumstances what advice is to be given to the leaders of the poorer countries? Egypt just happens to be a particularly good case in point. It grows wonderful cotton but, aside from assiduous propaganda, very little else of export value. This is for the very good reason that the country is essentially destitute of resources other than its delta land and underemployed intellectuals. The country nevertheless needs capital goods and it also feels a need for guns. What is it supposed to do, especially when someone the United States does not happen to like offers to take cotton in exchange for these other articles of trade?

It might be countered that this line of argument is irrelevant on the grounds that in the free world the system of trade operating is basically a multilateral one. That is, it is not really necessary for the United States to take Egyptian cotton directly. This too is true to some extent, but in general it can only be true insofar as Egypt is able to market its cotton somewhere else and that somewhere else is able in turn to market its products in the United States. In actual fact there are similar difficulties at each stage of this roundabout journey: Egyptian cotton finds that it has to compete with American cotton on very non-competitive terms everywhere outside the Iron Curtain. But even if the Egyptians overlook this paradox, there is still the fact that commodities of other countries as a general rule do not find a more welcome reception in the United States than Egyptian cotton.

The roots of the problem are to be found in America's self-sufficiency complex, which prejudices all attempts to unite the free world in a way now essential to its overall strength and ultimate

survival. The key idea that needs to be spread throughout the free world today is "interdependence" and not "independence." On the basis of a doctrine of self-sufficiency economics, it is obvious that only a very few nations in the world have the resources to face the future with any degree of assurance. While it is true that the United States is one of these favored few, self-sufficiency is not a doctrine that America can honestly commend to most of the other nations of the world. Neither can the United States expect to give adequate leadership in the development of a wider association of nations in the free world unless she, who can well afford to do so, is willing to sacrifice some of her own "independence" in the interests of the wider and longer term benefits that all may gain from a greater measure of "interdependence."

The arguments which lay behind high "protective" tariffs in the United States in the nineteenth century have little if any relevance today. This fact should be more widely recognized than it is. In those earlier days this economy, even though endowed with tremendous potentialities, was nonetheless of the nature of an underdeveloped economy. In the face of competition from the established industries of England, the early manufacturers of the eastern states did face the future under a very considerable handicap. Theirs were truly infant industries, and it was in recognition of this that America first embarked upon a deliberate protective policy even in the face of the increasingly popular doctrine of free trade espoused by Adam Smith in England a short time before.

Few would deny that the results fully vindicated the judgment of the early economists and statesmen who were responsible for turning America in the direction of protection. Indeed, other developing countries, of whom a prime example was Germany, followed the American lead with equally positive results. The reason for this is really the limitations of the free trade principle. The free market never did and never will promote anywhere near as rapid an economic advance at the periphery of the economic system as it promotes at the center. Thus without administrative protection the economic status of the farmer, who operates near the edges of the system, will always tend to lag behind that of the city dweller. And essentially the same is true of the underdeveloped region or nation which is peripheral to the advanced region or nation. Equity and overall progress for it can only be expected

through the judicious application of the principle of special privileges for the underprivileged.

But be this as it may, what has to be recognized in terms of the international economy is that the table has now turned a full half circle, placing this country in a totally reversed position to that of earlier times. Today, the "infant industries" argument obviously has very little relevance to the continuity of a general policy of high level protection for American producers. Under present conditions the only appropriate description for a policy such as this is aggressive economic nationalism. Clearly its continuity is quite inconsistent with the political objectives and responsibilities of this country as the dominant nation of the free world. The footnote may be added, of course, that these same remarks apply in considerable degree to all other highly industrialized countries, but this does not alter the general argument as far as the United States is concerned.

It is, however, one thing to recognize this fact of history and another to reformulate old policies in accordance with the needs of the new situation. The whole idea of protection is to put the power of government on the side of particular producers in order to strengthen their bargaining power in the market place. The idea is not limited to the international market; it is also widely applied in national economics. There is, however, one essential difference. In the latter case various economic groups and regions habitually compete directly with one another for the favor of government aid. Here it is quite obvious that there have to be subsidizers as well as the subsidized. But it is far from being obvious that the same rule holds true in international economics. Here, at least on the record of this country, government protection or aid would seem to be viewed as a natural and general right of all national economic groups. Indigenous competitors rarely offer any political resistance against a move on the part of any one of them to enlist the help of government against any threat of effective foreign competition. Protective economic efficiency thus is rendered subservient to economic nationalism. The rule of the jungle is rendered superior to the rule of the market and the rule of law.

The problem, of course, seen from the point of view of the free world as a whole, is that there can be only one result. As Canadian

wheat producers point out, they are more than willing to match themselves against American wheat producers on the basis of costs, prices, and quality, but they cannot hope to match themselves against the United States Treasury. They could not even do so if they were given the full support of their own government. The reason is very simple; the Canadian Government does not have sufficient reserves to consider seriously such a one-sided battle. It might be remarked, however, that Canada would stand a better chance in such a battle than almost any other single free world nation.

In practical terms the results of American economic nationalism should not be viewed entirely in terms of the additional goods and services American industries are thereby enabled to export or the extra share of the American market they are able to reserve for themselves. More important is something else that many American industries have been enabled to export, namely, the cost of adjusting themselves to the tides of economic circumstances. Viewed as a whole, as long as total market conditions are subject to changes, adjustments must be made at the production end. No one can complain too much about that. But it gives rise to special problems when a nation like the United States exploits the special capacity it has merely as a result of size to isolate its own producers from the impact of changing economic circumstances. This can have no other effect than the magnification of the impact elsewhere. The situation internationally is not essentially different from that which arises nationally as a result of the tendency for the incidence of taxes or rising costs to be passed on from the stronger to the less fortunate industries and individuals.

The repercussions of this tendency of the United States to export the costs of economic adjustments is serious enough in the short run. The prime example at the moment is the attempt to solve the farm problem by turning accumulated farm surpluses on to the world market at cut-rate prices, the United States Treasury and thus the taxpayer footing the bill. The fact that extremely skillful "sleight of hand" procedures are used does not really alter the fact that they involve the basic philosophy that if adjustments are required in free world agricultural production, then they must first take place in Mexico, Egypt, Canada, Argentina and so on down the line and only as a last resort in the United States. At

the very worst, United States agriculture is to be provided the benefit of time to plan a more easy transition.

But important though the questions of adjustments to short-term fluctuations in economic activity are, such as those related to recessions and war, the Khrushchev contest has also to be viewed in terms of longer term trends. And this brings us back to the question whether or not the poorer countries, over which the contest will be waged, will really be able, even in the "very long run," to gain access to the American market in order to pay for the investment goods they need and probably would really prefer to buy from America than from Russia. It is this that in the end will largely determine whether or not these countries grow into the same economic order as America and Europe or become part of the Russian Empire. But one thing we may be sure: these countries will not gain access to the American market on the basis of economic efficiency any more than they will to the Russian market. The password in both cases is of political origin, and as such it is not nearly as simple a matter to make it available in the American case.

Difficult though the matter is, it is instructive to recall just what happened in the early nineteenth century when Great Britain found itself in a very similar position to that occupied by the United States today. After a very long and painful internal political struggle, Great Britain falteringly, but finally, turned in 1846 to a national free trade policy, a policy it thereafter consistently adhered to until the great depression of the 1930's. What is even more important to remember is that British "free trade" turned out to be a policy that paid great rewards not only to Great Britain itself but also to the whole commercial world of those days. British capital and know-how flowed widely throughout the world and British influence and prestige reached its highest level. At the same time other nations found easy and equal access to the British market; debts were paid and the whole system expanded to a remarkable degree.

Eventually, as we all know, the British market and industrial potential, while continuing to expand in absolute terms, became relatively of less importance in the total free world complex, especially alongside the rapidly expanding American economy. The deduction to be drawn is obvious. However, before drawing

it, there is a further important lesson to be learned from the British record. It must not be overlooked that while Britain adopted a free trade policy, most other nations, including the United States, persisted in or adopted protectionist policies. Furthermore, in spite of British urgings for free trade all around, the apparent contradiction of economic common sense did not in practice prejudice overall progress at all. Indeed, it is difficult to argue that this particular contradiction was other than a necessary condition of the great advance in international prosperity during the seventy-five years preceding World War I. Nor is there any sound reason for believing that the same principle would not hold true today. This is to suggest that it simply may not be sufficient for the United States at this time to agree to adopt a free trade policy itself provided other nations do so too. This has been exactly the type of approach inherent in the whole Reciprocal Trade Program but as such the program may well be a quite inadequate one even if it were genuinely carried through. The fact is that on the basis of free trade for all countries the United States—and to a lesser degree now, Europe also—would still have such an advantage in international economic relations that economic development of poorer countries would be seriously prejudiced. Somehow America has to find a way to accept the same type of policy it did much to force upon Great Britain in the nineteenth century; that is, free trade on the part of America and other highly developed countries, even though protection continues and even grows elsewhere.

This may seem to be a rather bitter pill for American public opinion to have to swallow. But in the long run the stakes are very high. In the meantime the mentor-in-chief, Mr. Khrushchev, obviously feels confident that he can rely on a continuing lack of appreciation by Americans of the nature of the world in which they now live and of their gullibility for any prospect of short-term gains. In the short run, America does not have to provide a market for Egyptian cotton; there is the alternative of sacrificing Egypt. But somewhere along the line that process has to stop. At least it has to do so unless the present generation of Americans choose to exercise their prerogative to pass up Mr. Khrushchev's challenge altogether and wish upon their children nothing more than the twentieth century myth of isolation, self-sufficiency, and

"independence." Somehow the latter seems a frightening possibility considering the nature of the challenger.

Of course I appreciate the fact that this whole point of view implies that Russia stands a better chance than the United States of mastering the very problems I have been discussing. Perhaps this is not the case. Certainly the productive capacity of the United States still far exceeds that of Russia; however, Russia obviously is catching up rather rapidly and is fully equipped to ration itself in the interest of ultimate victory in an immediate trade contest.

What about the other side of the coin? Surely it may be claimed that Russia does not have a big enough market to absorb large quantities of imports. This too may be true. But on the other hand, we may be certain that Mr. Khrushchev has in mind a continued piecemeal penetration of the economies of the free world. Furthermore he has the tremendous advantage that he just does not have to work through the American public in waging the contest. It is not even necessary that the Russian people actually consume the products in question. As it is, a great deal of the cotton that Russia so kindly accepted from Egypt in payment for guns apparently found its way back to the already overloaded open markets of the free world. No doubt the same will be true of Syrian wheat, Burmese rice, Indian and Japanese textiles, and other Russian "imports" yet to come.

Mr. Khrushchev does not even have to be nasty about it. If anyone knows the importance of basic commodities as a means of financing economic development, he does. One cannot help wondering just what he would do with all the surplus farm products that this country seems to value as worth something less than nothing. Surely he would welcome the chance to give his own cheer leaders a break by graciously lifting the rations a little on his own subjects. He would welcome even more the chance to relax in some degree the forced food and raw materials deliveries for which the Russian peasant and directed labor have cursed their Marxist masters ever since the Revolution. Surely too he can see before him an expanded opportunity to concentrate the resources of the Russian economy on heavy industry as the growing demands of the Russian people for the consumer goods of light manufacturers are able to be satisfied on the basis of imports from those

neutralist nations upon which the future so much depends. It is hard to assume that Mr. Khrushchev would really be so unimaginative as to choose the final alternative of dumping into the Caspian Sea some of the imports he may find it politic to "buy." We should remember, however, that he has that alternative too and would probably not hesitate to use it in a serious trade war.

The United States enters this contest with a very considerable handicap. The problem of opening up the American market is one of such compounded politics that it is very difficult to see what the practical possibilities really are. But be this as it may, the problem does have to be solved, or else, as Mr. Khrushchev said, "We declare a war we will win over the United States. The threat to the United States is not an ICBM but is in the field of peaceful production and trade."

PARADISE WON

By ANNEMARIE EWING

Dante, Virgil, other pilgrim-sages,
Lost, midway the wood, whispered, "Must we embark?"
Before setting out (and they trembled!) on those voyages
Down the long caverns of their darknesses.

Now, pilgrim, mark the echo from other ages:
Make the Night Journey; be intimate of Hell;
On the yonder ledge, your angels are all held hostages.
Lo, wrest from the *bolgia* (*Deo volente!*) the miracle.

The end of the island

ANNE H. LITTLEFIELD

There always seems to be time enough. There was always going to be time to take a house party to my grandmother's house in the Poconos. It's always been there to go to, though you would have to speak for it in advance because so many of the family wanted to use it. But I put off speaking for it. And this spring my mother said, "Nance, if you want the main Buck Hill house this summer it's yours any time. It's going to be empty."

Empty!

But that was the house that was always full of us, as children, so full that all our bedtime candlesticks could hardly fit on the table at the stairhead and where, on rainy days, the attic was so full of children that I wonder the grownups kept their heads at all. "Quick, quick, quick," said the bird. "For the leaves are full of children." Well, they were. An old apple tree at the barn cottage (there were three houses on the place) bore a wonderful early yellow apple, and it bore us. We swarmed in that tree like a band of monkeys. Or like birds.

Of passage, it seemed. For, of course, we had all come down out of our apple tree and grown up and married and had children, most of whom had never seen each other.

And the house was empty. Empty, and would be sold. Somebody else would own the well, and the wading pool, and all the wasps in the attic. They would put in electricity and take away the moldy old brown wooden icebox which, summer after summer, had held cold watermelon and blueberry pie and country cream. They wouldn't know about the tame chipmunks and the poor little bums would have to go to work.

I thought, we'd better go there quickly, before it's gone.

But we haven't been this summer. Too busy with a new baby and with preparations to move again, away from this hillside farmhouse which I have loved. A better job in a new place. You have to go. The end of the rainbow moves along and you

move after it. You can't sit in your rocking chair (as my grandmother used to sit on the wide porch at Buck Hill, placid in a lavender voile dress trimmed with narrow rows of lace) and just look at it, over there, behind that hill. Why, it's the end of the rainbow. Don't just *sit* there.

We were all worn with organizing—finding another house in the other town. As I nursed the baby my mind ran over lists of possessions, trying to classify. What do you *do* with eighteen old stoneware beer bottles, oatmeal color with caramel tops, Portobello ware, found in the bed of the Brandywine Creek on a summer afternoon in 1949? My father has a platitudinous line about the tyranny of things possessed. No help in deciding what to do with a moth-eaten bear skin or a set of bee-keeping equipment bought for a quarter at a back-country auction. And the garden. My Japanese irises raised from seed, a process of three years' cossetting. Or my son Jamie's tree house. "Mummy," he had said with a quaver, but brave, because of being six years old as well as naturally gallant, "I'll miss my tree house."

At the baby's two o'clock wail, I would foggily rise and feed her, go back to bed with my lists and chew that sour cud until sleep or dawn arrived.

So when the Tommy Morgans invited us down for a Nantucket week end, we accepted eagerly. We wanted to go away from the necessity to go away.

Tommy said, "Down to the Island. No, not the Island. Whado I mean? Nantucket."

"The last I heard Nantucket was an island," my husband said.

From Tommy's silence, this feeble joke had not gone well.

Then he said, "The Old Man's Island. Dad's Island. The St. Laurence Island. You knew it was gone."

We had known, vaguely. We'd always been going to go there. And now we wouldn't. The time had gone by.

"Yes, dammit," Tommy said. It was evening when he called. He sounded a little drunk. He always sounded a little drunk in the evening. "It's gone. They picked it up with some big machine and pushed it off the earth. To make room for the Seaway. Get off the earth, they said to the Old Man." He laughed too loud and a little painfully.

The situation was coming back to my mind, scattered pieces of

it from various of those conversations with friends we've known a long time, whom we've forgiven and been forgiven by, conversations about our respective childhoods, our respective parents, our mutual friends.

"This is pretty hard on the Old Man," I said into the upstairs telephone. We all called Tommy Morgan's father the Old Man, once we knew him. I had once reserved it for my own father, but the capital letters fitted Old Tom Morgan better.

"I don't know what he'll do," Tommy said. "All his life . . . " He let it trail off.

"It's good of you to ask us," I said.

"Good of us, hell," said Tommy. "We don't know beans about this summer-at-the-sea routine. You've been there before. You can tell us what to do with ourselves. And the Old Man likes you. You can help cheer him up."

When he'd hung up I didn't immediately go back to the stickily woolly winter clothes I'd been packing that hot night. I sat down by an open window and, listening to bugs ponging on the screen, fell into a torpid memory of the last time Old Tom Morgan had been in our house, and how he had quoted the whole of "Lycidas," sitting in the faded blue chair. The background noise had not then been summer bugs in suicide attempts, but the crackle of flames on the hearth and later the sighs and infinitesimal tinging noises of a fire dying down to ash. We had all felt a particular affection for the Old Man, for Tommy's mother was then recently dead, having died rather shabbily and disreputably as she had lived. (I remember her once, fuddled with surreptitious martinis, having put on a girdle on the outside of a fancy blue hostess gown.)

"She weighed seventy-six pounds when she died," Tommy Morgan had told us. "Emaciated, but sort of bloated at the same time, if you see what I mean."

From the blue chair Old Tom Morgan intoned, "'Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep / Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?'" It was one of those grossly inappropriate occasions, almost awful, for the Old Man had a sort of size about him, the quality of a Reminder, an Ancient Mariner, which the wild white hair, the tall skull, confirmed. And we could remember that little woman, and he was using that eulogy on us almost deliberately, savoring, as one savors an itch, the incongruity, the

wrongly-apprehended pains he was inflicting, as much on us as on himself.

And I remembered a friend's description of the Island from the summer we had come closest to going there and in the end not gone for an urgent reason now forgotten.

"Deep green water going by." And the Island itself, the houses on it. "Things falling apart. Everything slowly falling down, and the Old Man in a constant war against the falling apart. Quite an elaborate thing once, obviously. Last-century summer place, all white wooden lace—a big boathouse with terraces for people to stand on picturesquely, wearing white flannels or white linen dresses to the ground." I thought of my mother's accounts of the tennis games at Buck Hill when she was a girl. White flannel skirts to sweep the ground, or in this case the red-shale tennis courts. Long, sweeping white flannel dresses, stained at the hems with red shale as with pale, dilute blood.

"It was," she said, "really elaborate. And the Old Man—well—he was like another person there. Really alive. Without any of his sardonic touch. Earnest and simple. And active. Embarrassingly active. He couldn't stand to see us sitting around, quietly, maybe having a drink. It was his idea that no one should waste a moment of river air, that no one should let a foot of deep green river water slide on past."

It got late as I sat there thinking of Old Tom Morgan and his Island that wasn't there any more. I went upstairs to bed. It was hot, so I lay awake, feeling with the Old Man, for I didn't want to leave this place, which I loved, though I had put only seven years of my life into it. And I did not want to lose the Buck Hill place where I had been a child. Finally I went to sleep and was wakened too soon by the baby's cry from a dream in which my grandmother's house was both itself and this house of mine and was on the Island in the river. Out of the attic window I could see my aunts, wearing long white dresses, playing croquet on the lawn. Beyond them a doe and a fawn were eating the apples in the orchard and beyond *them* green water was sliding by.

The drive to Nantucket was long, with the two children, but we were going to a familiar part of the world, for we had gone there

all the summers when we hadn't spoken for the Buck Hill place. We left home at seven in the morning with a lot of milk and coffee in beer bottles. It's an amazing sensation to pick up a beer bottle and have milk come out. I almost spat it out before I remembered. And I had foolishly brought some gooey buns. We ate as we went and pretty soon the car looked like a fairground when the fair is over. Jamie, the six-year-old, kept buying cokes at every gas station till he was dithering like a pressure cooker. All day we rushed along, not even stopping for me to nurse the baby—poor little thing with the nipple bucketing in her mouth. She must have felt like a calf whose mother insists on galloping round the pasture at feeding time.

Three hours on the boat, and the Morgans met us at the wharf. Tommy was drunk. He'd forgotten the key to the trunk, so we all piled in the car with the suitcases and the baby's basket. He started up once before his wife Tiny had time to get in, but we stopped him. He made only one wrong turn on the way to Surfside.

The Morgan children were still up when we got there, and for what seemed like hours after that. Jamie had that cold, pale exhausted face children get, but Di and Pip Morgan were going strong.

Not so their grandfather, who had been left in charge of them. He was looking quite paper-thin, having had too much sun the day before. He didn't talk very much, which was unusual for him. He had a stentorian, deaf man's voice and a tendency, I suppose because it was such an effort for him to hear, to filibuster. In fact he looked like the ghost of himself in an old blue bathrobe and his underwear. His idea, we learned, is that shorts are shorts, any distinction between walking shorts and undershorts a mere affectation. He looked all shrunk up, like a sort of albino mummy, and he sat blankly that night, with his hearing aid switched off, while the kids howled around him. He seemed to feel better later, but when I first saw him my heart sank. I thought: this man is near to dying.

All the children were in bed finally, so we had some steamed clams and some drinks. Even though we were all exhausted we couldn't seem to stop talking. Tommy got quite a bit drunker.

The Old Man got up and quietly went to bed, without saying goodnight.

The next morning was bright blue and there was the Atlantic Ocean. The cottage stood on a bluff. You went down a flight of steps and were on the wide empty beach, facing Spain. The surf was beautiful, not very high, that day. In the morning we all sat around on the beach and went in and out of the water until even Tommy felt better. The children played in the sand. After a while the Old Man came down with his old dog, Mrs. Murphy. He had—somehow it seemed a queer thing for him to have done—he had given her a bath.

Mrs. Murphy is a rat-gnawed-looking old collie. Big chunks of her fur kept falling out all weekend, whole mattresses of it. The Old Man had on a Panama hat and a navy blue sweater and a pair of white underpants flapping around his terribly thin legs. He saw us seeing them. Enjoying our embarrassment, he said, "Here we are. A decrepit old man and his decrepit old dog." Then they went off down the beach until they were small figures along the curve of shore.

Tommy said, "He's lost without the Island."

Tommy's big blond wife, Tiny, said hopelessly, "We thought he might get to like the ocean, but all he does is sit inside and read."

"Washing the dog!" Tommy said in an explosion. "Just for something to do, washing the dog."

When he came back with Mrs. Murphy, we had the children playing in the edge of the surf, surf familiar to Jamie but new to Di and Pip. Cold green river water moving by must be very different. Startlingly, the Old Man roared at us all, "Don't let those kids near that water."

He saw, as we turned surprised faces, that he had done an exaggerated thing, assuming his own distrust of this ocean in us all. It was as though my family was at home there by the sea and his own family, whose visitors we were, only visitors and strangers. He sat with us a while, to cover the awkwardness, but it was plain that he considered this to be unnatural water, and his feeling tensed away my pleasure in the long combers that fingered the shore.

We all went up, soon after, for lunch. Tommy Morgan had

emerged from his morning hiatus and, at least partly in reaction to what he must have felt his father's rudeness, began to work on a festal atmosphere. He made cocktails and pushed them at everyone, drinking two or three to others' one and getting livelier by the minute. He was pouring himself what must have been his fourth, not bothering now with ice, or an orange slice, when the Old Man said, "Don't take another one now, Tommy."

The useless, pathetic reminder interrupted one of the long, roving conversations he and my husband never failed to get into. Half-listening, I had heard them on the Crimean War, on the criticism of John Dryden. I'd picked up, too, rather resentfully, his loudly whispered advice to Bob to keep me out of the surf.

"I don't want to lose my favorite girl," he shouted in confidence. "And you don't want to lose your wife. I've tried that, and I know."

I had been about to burst in with reassurances, with an account of my grandmother's seashore place (gone now, in the hands of strangers) when I saw that it was panic. He was afraid for us all, afraid the thing that had happened to him should happen to Bob, that Tommy's mother's ill should descend on Tommy, that the alien ocean should steal the children and that the children's parents should all grow old. I kept quiet.

The next day was stormy, wild. I went to walk on the beach in the morning and came in all breathless to find everyone sitting around, looking solemn and trapped. The Old Man was quoting "Tithonus."

Man comes and tills the fields and lies beneath
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white hair'd shadow roaming like a dream . . .

and so on and so on. He'd get to a line like, "Alas, for this gray shadow, once a man . . ." and let his big voice out on it, looking around with the half-sardonic light in his eye as if to say, "Get it, it's me."

" 'Thou seest all things, Thou wilt see my grave . . . ' "

He was stabbing at us with the lines. You felt like begging his pardon for being young. Then he sensed the apology and made a joke and went off in a corner to talk to Bob about the retreat from Moscow.

The rest of us left them to it and went off to do the shopping and look at another house somebody the Morgans knew wanted to rent to them the next year. It was far out the West end of the island with, they said, a better beach. We drove the twisting roads in a rising wind.

The place was on a sand spit between bay and ocean, in the lee of dunes. Over the dunes you could see the enormous gray combers the wind had built. The place looked lonely and bleak, even to me. You could feel the boom of breaking water. All of a sudden Tommy stopped the car. "We better not go on out there," he said. "We better get back."

That water was as alien to him as to his father. It was not only the Old Man who was dispossessed when the big machine ate the Island.

So we went back and onto that beach, where the rough water excited us into it. Tommy, I think to show himself he wasn't afraid of it, came too.

They were huge waves. I couldn't stand against them. So I swam beyond their breaking point and bobbed like a bottle with a message in it, shouting. I began to wonder if I dared ride one in. So I looked to the shore and saw Bob and Tommy the size of dolls. I felt with my feet for the bottom that had been there a moment ago. No bottom. I began to swim, as hard as I could. As hard as I could, but I didn't seem to move. A little fear popped up in my mind like a weasel from a hole, but I said quickly to myself, you're not afraid. I swam and swam and began to be tired, so I shouted to Bob, "Come and get me, I'm tired." He couldn't hear over the wave noise and didn't know I was in trouble. After that it was a mindless struggle, my life not passing in that cliché-hallowed procession before my eyes—only my death. A seven-foot wave broke over me and I thought I had already drowned. But I was rolled down deep and sucked out again toward open sea. I made my last effort and was suddenly slammed onto sand by a heavy hammer of

water. I lay there scrabbling with my fingers while more water broke on me and then Bob hauled me up the beach.

When I could stand on my legs a whole lot of silly nervous energy came back so that I ran up the steps and into the cottage, saying brightly, "Here I am, a Gift from the Sea."

Tiny was looking white. "I saw the whole thing," she said. "All I could think of was I had no canned milk for the baby."

"You damned *fool*," the Old Man blared, with what was at that moment incredible, inexplicable venom. "You damned *fool*." And he turned his back on me and stalked away on those wading bird legs.

I sat down, all wet as I was, and began to rub my knees with my palms. My knees had been scraped, and were bleeding. Confusedly I thought that the Old Man was angry and bitter because I hadn't drowned, and so became fully aware that after all I *hadn't*. Someone poured neat whiskey down me and a great warm flame bloomed out inside me and I looked all around the room feeling apart from everyone and yet seeing them very new and clear, their nice faces. At that moment I noticed a small brown mole on my son's cheekbone, a very pleasing mark. And I thought, Go on, *notice* things. You might have been dead.

When the Old Man came in from the kitchen with a cup of coffee he had made I took a big gulp of it and burned myself. It was terrible coffee, but it did me good.

Later I understood the Old Man's panic, the Old Man's fury at us all. And the shouting at the children and the bitter words to me and the plea to Tommy not to have another one just now. A waste of life. Which might be all right if you had plenty of it left, but more likely never all right at all.

I've often dreamed since then that I'm in the edge of the ocean, that ocean nobody can know, standing rooted while a long, wickedly high green comber moves swiftly toward me. And I can see the Old Man and his old dog walking away from us all down that shore where he didn't belong, along that water that wasn't clear and slow-gliding, their figures getting smaller. Like the end of a movie, only no rising music, no angel voices. Downbeat. To the sound of the unfamiliar sea.

There always seems to be time. And then there's no more. Families break up and fall apart; strangers eat the yellow apples

of our childhood, ghosts stroll the shores of the lost Island, which is gone not only out of time, but out of place. The sunlit sea turns powerful as we grow old in loss and diminution, wondering what to do with a clutch of eighteenth-century stoneware beer bottles, Portobello ware, found in the bed of the Brandywine Creek on a summer afternoon in 1949.

CONFLAGRATION IN AMHERST

By VONNA HICKS ADRIAN

"Squire Dickinson set the church bells of Amherst ringing to call the attention of the town to a particularly fine sunset."—Thornton Wilder

When scarlet bands of glory blazed
Beyond the meeting house, he praised
God and rang the Baptist bell
In fervid tocsin.
Puritan and infidel,
Amherst flocked at his behest.
Did doltish oxen,
Gaping, reckoning Em'ly's pa
The chief of freak phenomena
(A granite squire
Caught on fire),
Miss Jehovah in the west?

The future of Colorado mining

A. REYNOLDS MORSE

Governor McNichols' excellent article, "A Basic Mineral Policy for Colorado," in *The Colorado Quarterly* (Summer, 1957), was of tremendous importance to Colorado and its future citizens, but it overlooked a few apparently insurmountable problems which I should like to discuss here. My family has been associated with Colorado mining for many years. Recently, Dr. Warren O. Thompson, Head of the Department of Geology at the University of Colorado, and I made a tour of seven mining areas—Durango, Dunton, Ouray, Tin Cup, Pitkin, Creede, and Summitville—and my conclusions about the future of Colorado mining are definitely NOT sanguine.

There are two ways to consider Colorado's future as a mining state: from an economic and from a geological point of view. The economic picture is discouraging. Almost all of the easily accessible high grade ore is gone. Also many of the deeper underlying deposits are either exhausted or proven to be non-existent. Ever since the bonanza days, the spotty nature of Colorado ore has caused almost every new mining venture to invest more than it realized, or to fail because development costs were so high. In addition, Colorado mining has two terribly costly enemies to combat: high altitude and winter. The latter has the reputation of often including all months except August; and no one can deny the brevity of summer in the high country between nine and thirteen thousand feet, where most mining properties are located. I recall a visit some years ago to Summitville, located some thirty-five miles south of Del Norte at an elevation of 12,500 feet. A crew of around thirty men were employed there at the time. Twelve men were working in the mine and mill, but eighteen were shoveling and bull-doing the snow to keep the property open.

Costs of mill operations under such conditions, where the temperatures often drop to 10 or more degrees below zero, are

also obviously high, especially if cyanide processing is used because the mill must then be heated so that the chemical reaction can take place. Moreover, avalanches are not a minor hazard. We observed the effects of two severe slides, one at our Revenue property some ten miles south and west of Ouray and the other at Summitville. Had the properties been operating and the destroyed buildings occupied, loss of life as well as property would have occurred.

The cost of labor is another factor almost impossible to resolve today, as proved by the phenomenal labor turnover rates at the Newmont Mining Company in Telluride and at the Climax Molybdenum operation near Leadville. It is probably no coincidence that both these concerns have outstanding records for liberal employee benefits. Yet while mining costs have steadily risen, metal prices have been fixed or declining, so that little incentive now exists for undertaking the kind of high-risk mining Colorado offers. Nor does the present tax structure make any allowance for the *extra* margin of unusual risks inherent in opening up abandoned mining properties.

As an interested observer of the Colorado scene, I have been repeatedly disappointed that the many long water tunnels and drainage projects driven through the mountains have not disclosed ore bodies of economic significance. Trained geologists have been assigned to such developments since geological exploration is one of the objectives claimed to help justify these costly tunnels, but good mineral showings at depth have not been found. I believe that the most important problem Colorado mining faces today is the lack of ore continuity, resulting in the failure of veins to prove up at great depths. The number of shallow diggings on our properties would seem to bear this out. Those at Tin Cup and at the Silver Islet near Pitkin, for example, were fabulously rich but shallow deposits in blue limestone. They led my grandfather to drive costly tunnels to get beneath them, to tap the "mother lode" so to speak. But once the surface high-grade was gone, the properties could never be made to pay again, because the veins either could not be located below or they did not carry attractive values when intersected at depth.

At this point we can begin to see how the geological aspects of the problem merge with the economic ones. Our major com-

petition is imports and richer, larger deposits elsewhere. The gold and silver, and sometimes the lead and zinc, which we seek as end products in Colorado, are recovered in other states without cost, often as a by-product, as the incidental production records of companies like Anaconda and Kennecott Copper prove. In their operations alone the fine metals recovered as impurities have, I believe, exceeded the total production of the same metals in Colorado since 1900. And then there is the striking difference between Colorado mining and mining in Canada and South Africa. In the latter two areas ore bodies are generally found in older (if less scenic) formations. Veins are often continuous for miles; satisfactory long-term projections can be made; and diamond drilling can be used to advantage. In the older formations, values in the ore continue to depths where earth temperatures, rock bursts, hoisting, and dewatering are the only factors that prohibit further development. These older formations rarely experience the so-called pinching out of values that has shut down more than one Colorado property.

Colorado is most interesting geologically, but I must reluctantly concede that most of the mineral resources of the state are far more attractive from an academic than a commercial point of view. This is true even of the plains in the eastern third of the state since oil prospects there have often been disappointing. I attribute this to the effect of the main Rocky Mountain uplift which has thinned the oil bearing beds in eastern Colorado, where many holes have gone all the way down to the granite without results.

Geologically, Colorado has always tended to be a "high" area, and its erosion furnished the material for the vast thicknesses of sedimentary rocks that lie to the east and west. The Front Range and the blow-outs of igneous rock through the quite shallow sedimentary beds of our high Park country are mainly associated with recent lavas of little economic value or with a coarse pegmatitic type of granite which has few if any minerals that can be extracted under present economic conditions. Here again, the spotty, isolated, and discontinuous nature of the deposits makes recovery of such minerals as the zeolites, beryllium, mica, and the rare earths difficult if not impossible. The inability of Colorado tungsten mining to compete with the production of

Korea and other areas is a case in point. Colorado tungsten deposits are comparatively small, and usually have been hand-worked. Since they do not lend themselves to large mechanical operations, the numerous small tungsten mines just west of Boulder today stand as mute witnesses to the effect of imported ores on our immediate economy. Only a war and consequent shortages can revive them.

When I suggested to Dr. Reuben Gustafson that his Resources for the Future organization assist me in setting up a fellowship at the University of Colorado to study the occurrence of the rare earths in our state's pegmatite intrusions, he replied that all our nation's foreseeable needs were quite adequately taken care of by Florida sands and other far better sources of zirconium, columbium, tantalum, vanadium, lithium, etc., than Colorado could ever hope to offer. Here again is concrete evidence that the high costs of discovery and recovery and the availability of more accessible deposits elsewhere will limit the role Colorado can play in the production of the rare earth minerals in the future.

I have stated that the main Rocky Mountain uplift which originally raised the sedimentary rocks we see so picturesquely tilted on end in the foothills today has always been a relatively "high" area. In furnishing the sediments for the vast beds that underlie Oklahoma and Kansas on the east and that are so magnificently exposed in the states to the west, the Rocky Mountain region in particular never fostered the conditions assumed necessary for the formation of oil. There is ample evidence to support the fact that the sediments in central and western Colorado, which are much attenuated, are unlikely to be productive either of much oil or of shales that can be easily processed in the near future. I concur with Governor McNichols' appraisal of the value of oil shale to Colorado, but I feel its utilization is a much longer term proposition than he realizes. It is encouraging to see Union Oil of California taking an interest in Colorado oil shale after the government project was abandoned, for in industrial circles Colorado is all too often considered a welfare state where unrealistic taxes and lack of water combine to produce an unfavorable environment for modern industry. However, much of the

Colorado shale lies under a prohibitively heavy overburden; labor costs are very high; and tests have proved the oil is rather tightly locked in the rock. Furthermore, such oil sands as those on the flanks of the Rockies in Alberta, whose highly saturated deposits are close to the surface, would seem to offer strong competition to our high mesa fields, since the oil can be extracted much more easily and cheaply than from Colorado shale.

The occurrence of uranium in Colorado is also a spotty matter. Our uranium ores are usually associated with isolated carbonaceous deposits in old sediments, such as the ancient stream beds that once crisscrossed the western slopes south and west of Grand Junction carrying organic detritus of a far younger derivation than is associated with oil formation. Values are usually confined to lenticular zones that soon pinch out in all directions, and which, on a much smaller scale, remind me of the oil bearing reefs far below which were produced in lush geological ages.

Most of our desert country uranium has been discovered by flying over it with a scintillator (or around it in the case of a mesa). Present instruments have probed about as far as they can, and the problem of discovering and working deeper deposits once the superficial ones now being developed are exhausted remains the state's greatest challenge. Only further discoveries will warrant the concurrent development of adjacent desert areas which cannot now support a growing, permanent population in view of their acute water shortages, lack of arable soil, and difficult communications. All of these things are truly formidable matters requiring tremendous investment of a hazardous nature, for historically man has yet had little real or lasting success in making the deserts bloom. Under present tax laws, uranium installations, such as those in the new boom towns of western Colorado, take on the character of transient operations, because there are no specific long-range incentives to encourage high-risk investments in more permanent installations in the more remote arid regions of the state.

The discontinuity of values in Colorado ore bodies of uranium, gold, silver, lead, and zinc, therefore, is in part a local problem that can be solved through more equitable tax legislation designed to compensate for the unusually high development costs occasioned by the broken and rolling nature of veins in nearly all

horizons, which cause the values to pinch out or disappear, necessitating heavy new investment to drive through to the next enriched "pocket." With one or two exceptions, such as the San Juan area and at Creede, the discontinuous nature of the enrichment, the difficulty of following the vein, or faulting require special accounting and financial procedures because a large part of the profit from any Colorado mining venture must be set aside to assure continuity of operation. A revision of depletion allowances would be one practical way to assure that funds could be available to continue the necessary exploration work. The law could easily be revised to exempt from taxation funds to be re-invested in development, so that the costs of pushing on to the next mineralized zone could be more easily recovered.

Continuity of operations is almost always a difficult decision under conditions prevailing in our state, and in recent years most mining has accordingly been carried on by outside capital with the investment often exceeding the amount recovered. In general, diamond drilling and deep zone prospecting in Colorado are looked on with little favor because of the broken nature of the ground and the irregular or pinched nature of the veins in many places. Unless conditions are extremely favorable, as at our Revenue property where a two-mile long tunnel and numerous immediate ore prospects exist, development work must usually wait till outside economic factors permit costly tunnels to be driven. With each swing of the business cycle, nature seems to tighten her hold on the depressed and abandoned mining areas of our state, as I have had ample opportunity to observe since 1930.

The story of Colorado mining in recent years can be well summed up in the recent history of Summitville. The property was consolidated by my grandfather in the early 1900's from numerous small holdings. For years it lay idle, because funds were not available to push the deep Reynolds Tunnel under the main mineralized area. During the thirties the property was finally leased to a local man who had waited for years for the chance to get at a small blow-out of gold he had found hidden behind some willow bushes at the foot of a cliff in the heart of the property. In a few months, by hand labor, often sweeping up the dust with a broom, he managed to haul out laboriously in

wagons over the shoulder of Grayback Mountain several hundred thousand dollars in high grade ore. The whole bonanza was stripped from a space no larger than the average living room!

Again the property lapsed into idleness, and the only excitement came when three high-graders scratching around on South Mountain were killed in a snow slide. I recall standing on the spot one summer and seeing the canteens, shoes, and other pathetic equipment of the dead men still lying there among the timberline scrub. As I looked up the slope, it seemed incredible to me that enough snow could slide from the ridge to snuff out three lives.

Once again, this time in the early 1940's, the Summitville property was leased. At a cost of just over four million dollars, the A. O. Smith Company opened up operations. A new "all-weather" (?) road was built, this one coming up from Monte Vista, thereby avoiding the 13,500 foot Grayback Pass. A power line was brought in some thirty-five miles from Del Norte, and a large mill was constructed. Operations for several years produced a return of just over four million dollars. However, about the time the break-even point was reached, outside economic conditions led the company to withdraw from the venture.

Since then, nature, vandals, and all the other ravagers of abandoned camps have held full sway. Colorado can be grateful for such a devoted artist, historian, and scholar as Muriel Sibell Wolle, whose illustrations selected for this article point up these always nostalgic facts far more vividly than any words.

In our recent tour of the Reynolds-Morse Corporation mining properties mentioned above, both Dr. Thompson and I were impressed by the high proportion of Colorado mining which has been associated with the relatively shallow, spotty ore deposits in the sediments typified by the May Day Mine at Hesperus and the Emma Mine at Dunton. While veins in the sediments often carried very high grade ores, the failure of subsequent tunnels and shafts to uncover commercial values at depth almost always spelled the doom of a property. In the Pitkin area, veins in the Pre-Cambrian have been fairly strong, but the relationship of these to the overlying limestones and quartzites remains indefin-

ite, and the need to study the relationship of these two mineral zones is real in many areas of the state. If more were known about the underlying Pre-Cambrian or older rocks, certain areas of the state that once prospered with mines in the upper or sedimentary zones might be given a new economic outlook, and the interest in many now-abandoned properties might be revived, either by considering them as low grade large tonnage propositions or by the rediscovery of strong upper horizon veins lost by faulting. Several such attractive possibilities may exist, for example, at Hesperus, Dunton, Rico, and in the Pitkin and Gilpin areas.

We concluded, however, that unless the owners of the various properties in a given area cooperate fully with a single lessee, there will be little, if any, chance of making any kind of economic success in most of our depressed mining areas. The success of the Emperius Mining Company at Creede and the Newmont Mining Company at Telluride is due largely to the consolidation of the countless properties there in a single development program under the auspices of a single lessee. Possibly the Colorado Mining Association could do a great deal to simplify and expedite this kind of consolidation, and by eliciting cooperation between scattered, and often absentee, owners, make whole areas of interest to large concerns like Newmont Mining Company, New Jersey Zinc Company, American Smelting and Refining Company, etc., because the districts could be offered as a single unit.

The Newmont Mining Company's successful operation in the San Juan area south of Ouray is based on a gradual expansion into surrounding properties not yet consolidated, but whose sole future, if any, lies with the continuation of the Newmont operation. Their exploration of the region as a geological and economic unit, possible only through the all-weather Telluride adit, should alert property owners in other districts, because it and the Creede and Climax operations on the same unit basis are the only successful ones in Colorado today. My own Revenue property, the Campbird Mine, and others in the San Juan breccias adjacent to the Newmont properties will eventually comprise the long-term reserves of that operation. And altitude, avalanches, and inaccessibility all decree that the entire area south of Ouray be worked as a single operation by Newmont, whose long tunnels

from Telluride already reach into, and more importantly *under*, these inhospitable peak-rimmed basins.

The success of American Metals at Climax is of course an exception. Vast tonnages of good ore have been a factor, together with the almost unique nature of the deposit itself. But neither of these points is as important in the growth of this operation as the outstanding work done by Climax in the development of markets for molybdenum. This alone has been the reason for the success of the Climax Mine.

After our tour of these various mining areas, Dr. Thompson and I reached several interesting conclusions in our study of my family mining properties. We felt, for example, that the development of small portable mills might offer attractive possibilities for exploitation of inaccessible high altitude mineral resources. Whether this would be a project for one large or several small concerns is still difficult to determine. In any event, small milling units mounted on low-boy trailers, using the excellent state and forest service roads, would definitely permit much economic development in high areas, especially during the season from June to December. Since the units could be easily trucked out for use at lower altitudes during the remainder of the year, snow removal and road maintenance and other non-productive expenses of winter mining, which make most of our high altitude properties unattractive to the promoter, could be eliminated. In some areas ore could be trucked down from high elevations so that the portable mills could easily be scheduled on an all-year basis. Such custom concentrating plants would permit the selective and small scale mining necessary for the operation of many small, isolated properties, which today will not support permanent mill installations. In many such mines huge tonnages are simply not available, and while the ore is still good, it is not of shipping grade.

When such a custom concentrating plant was not working during season at a high altitude mine, it could be easily moved from one small lower elevation property to another, giving many otherwise marginal ventures a new outlook by sharply reducing the need for fixed plant investment. My own Gold Links mine near Gunnison is an excellent example of such a property. On the other hand, by combining it with the adjacent Raymond and

Carter properties, the three mines worked as a unit could support a modern 150 ton mill.

We also concluded that a few areas offered interesting speculations as big tonnage propositions, where the typically spotty Colorado ores ran relatively high in values when they did occur. Open-pit mining of an area like the entire northern section of Summitville, for example, might produce large tonnages of ore running from 5 to 6 percent copper as opposed to the 20 to 30 percent the ore would run if extracted in small quantities by selective mining methods through prohibitively costly tunnels. In such an area one could also count on sweetening the output by the occasional discovery of rich spots of high grade gold ore, which could not possibly be recovered in any other way. The main impetus would remain, of course, copper of a grade up to five times better than that found in Arizona and New Mexico with gold as a by-product.

For the most part, however, the future of Colorado mineral resources lies in making them attractive to large enterprises. If this can be accomplished under present adverse conditions without waiting for a war to cut off outside mineral supplies and bring another brief boom, Colorado will then benefit permanently. Just about the only way I can see that high-risk Colorado mining can be made attractive today, however, is through immediate and special tax relief. This will bring forth the venture capital that is now needed to revitalize the majority of Colorado's mining areas. (I except, of course, limestone, building materials, fluor-spar and coal, as representing phases of the Colorado mineral resource problem with which I am not conversant.)

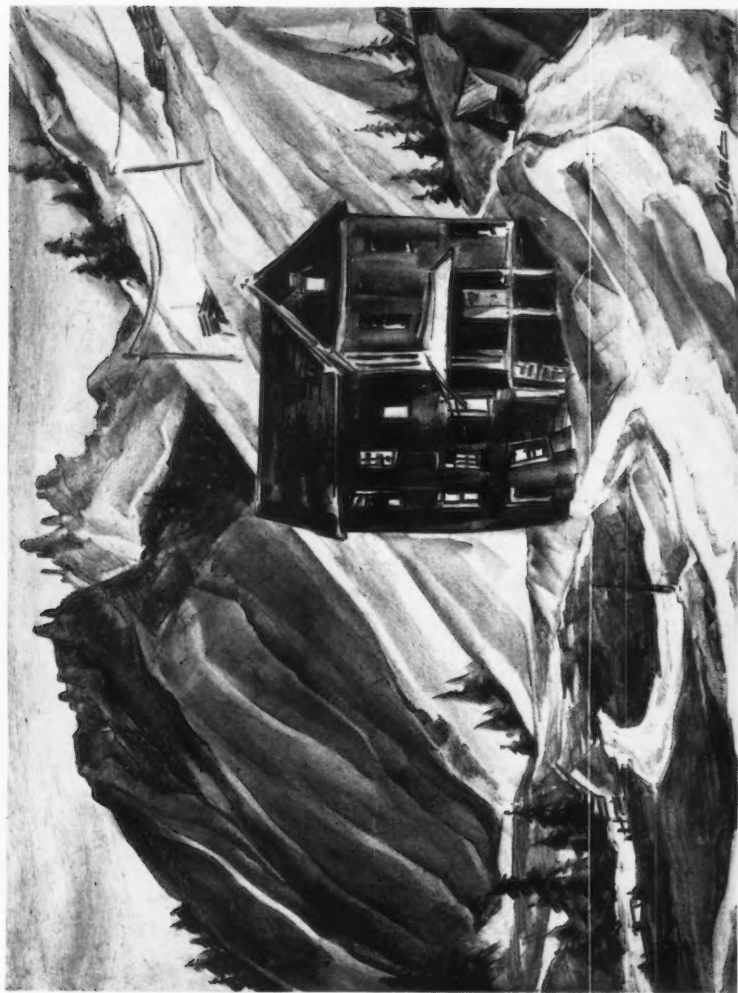
Although the effect of Texas money is plainly—perhaps even painfully—in evidence in Denver's changing skyline and in booming seasonal resort areas like Lake City and Gunnison, I do not think that all of Colorado should be relegated to cabin sites for out-of-staters nor to the bureaucratic domination of the Forest Service. Far more detailed planning than the Governor outlines should be undertaken for the specific purpose of studying the peculiar nature of Colorado mineral resources and the unusually specialized problems incident to their proper development. That private industry can and should do this is illustrated by the success of Climax, Empirius, and Newmont. At the Uni-



Emma Mine, Dunton, Colorado. View east shows old shaft house. Main tunnel followed prominent vein in sedimentary directly into hillside for over half a mile.



The Wheel of Fortune Mine is seen in this view to the northeast from the steps of the revenue mine boarding house. Building at left was flattened by 1957 avalanche.



View East Toward Revenue Tunnel showing old Atlas Mine boarding house,
Sneffels, Colorado.



Street Scene, Creede Colorado, 1938, prior to revival of mining by *Emperius Mining Co.* in *Commodore-Amethyst Mines* east of the town.



Ore Loading Bin, Creede, Colorado. View to northeast shows Number 3 and 4 levels of Commodore Mine. Main mineralized zone of the region runs just to left of central Cliff.



Gold Links Mill and Dumps near Ohio City, Colorado. View southeast. Tunnel entrance at extreme left.



Raymond Mine, Gold Creek, Ohio City, Colorado. This property adjacent to Gold Links and Carter Mines might be revived if the Gold Creek District could be worked by one large lessee in a single operation.



Early Summer Snow Drifts at Summitville. View northwest toward North Mountain Peak on right and old Iowa Mine boarding house on left.



Summitville, Colorado. View southeast down Main Street. South Mountain mining area lies to the right beyond tip of recent tailing ponds on opposite side of creek.

versity of Colorado and at the School of Mines we have the faculty and know-how, but I sense a lack of coordination between the practical needs of the mining industry and our state-supported and seemingly state-dominated institutions. And, of course, there remains the problem of a tax structure, both state and federal, widely criticized as unsuited to interest capital in Colorado mineral resources.

The flight of capital from Colorado has often been noted. However, I for one cannot relate this to the investment opportunities which outside capital seems to be finding in real estate and building in Colorado. As yet there seems to be no relationship between the spirit behind the investments already reflected by the new Denver skyline and that still demanded to revitalize our ghost mining towns. Colorado cannot, or should not, count on Texas overflow capital lasting indefinitely. Nor can it hope to channel Texas money into highly speculative mining ventures unless returns comparable to those expected from oil can be anticipated. Astute tax planning is required to translate an oil boom such as southwest Colorado is now experiencing into a permanent benefit to the area. Unrealistic or discriminatory tax laws can discourage even the most optimistic oil man, let alone the more pessimistic miner who has just witnessed five decades of attrition and declining metal prices.

Obviously, too, Colorado mining is seriously hampered by the traditional caution and indifference of the second and third generations of those whose families became rich through the exploitation of Colorado's superficial high grade ores in the days when taxes were not so stultifying and punitive. Virtually all these vast mining fortunes have since found more profitable and less risky outlets than mining. One no longer associates the pioneer names that made early mining history in Colorado with present day developments in the same area, with only a very few exceptions.

My grandfather, A. E. Reynolds, came to Colorado in the seventies as a trader. He soon got into mining and was outstandingly successful during his active years from around 1880 to 1915. Then, trapped between declining metal prices and his own inexhaustible faith in Colorado mining, his last years became ones of losses, struggle, and disappointments. Unlike many

of the original and now still wealthy investors who had profited from his Virginius, Commodore, Gold Links, Fairview-Cleopatra, Frank Hough, May Day, and other ventures, he had poured all of his own profits back into the Colorado mountains. Thus when he died in the 1920's, he left us only a great many thousands of feet of costly but empty tunnels, many acres of inactive mining property, and the now-forgotten record of having made and *reinvested* more than sixty million dollars in Colorado mining.

Among his great dreams was the hope that the Pitkin area would one day prove to be another Leadville since the formations are almost identical. Drill cores salted with Leadville ore led him in his declining years to make fabulous investments in the Pitkin area in land and fruitless explorations. There remain still-untold stories of how he electrified the first high altitude mines, the Virginius and Terrible in the peaks above Ouray, of the great fire that destroyed the Revenue mill, of the famous Apex lawsuit at Creede which established that if a claim contained the outcrop of a vein, it could be followed down the dip past the claim sidelines under other adjacent property without trespassing—all these are part of the Reynolds heritage. And the now-idle properties that Dr. Thompson and I visited stand today in brave but forlorn contrast to the fortunes they once produced for others who have long ago turned their eyes away from the hills from whence their help first came.

The chief hope of reviving and securing leadership for the Colorado mining industry prior to war-induced shortages that will permit subsidized development, then, rests in a vigorous and expanded prosecution of the valuable ideas outlined by Governor McNichols, coupled with a forceful program to educate the legislature in means of helping private industry overcome the special problems encountered in mining in the Rocky Mountain region. I also hope that the people of Colorado can be persuaded to take a more realistic attitude toward the special needs and high risks of mining in the Columbine State. Meanwhile, an immediate beginning toward fulfilling the Governor's excellent program could be made by reviewing the tax laws so as to attract venture capital back to Colorado, thus forcefully redirecting the attention of Colorado investors to mining. I sincerely believe that only by taking into account these difficult geological and economic condi-

tions that prevail in our state, and by making the special concessions necessary to compensate for them, can any real future be assured to the Colorado mining industry.

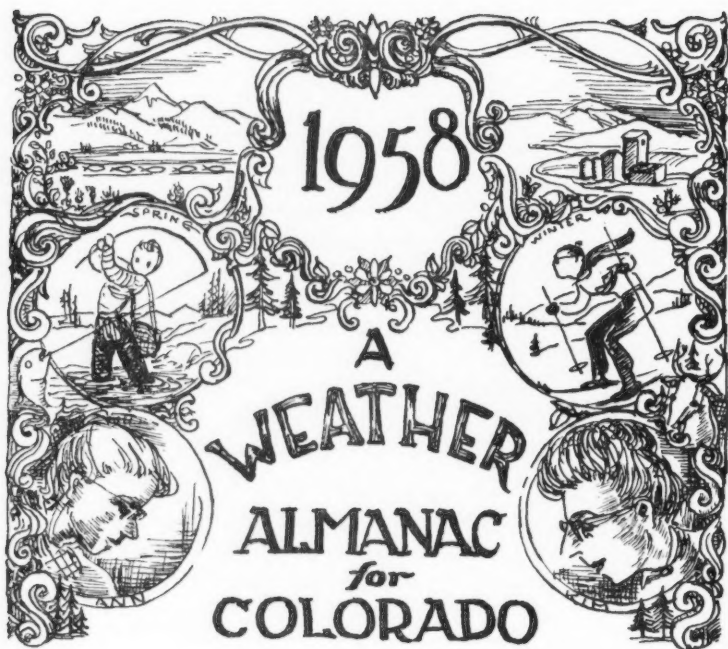
MAN OUT OF WATER

By REEVE SPENCER KELLEY

Of course there will be those
Who will not finish their cycle
On this earth, who will die gasping,
Exploding in their blood,
On some arid, twinkling beach.

As sure as man is made of error,
At least one of his soon to be star manned ships
Will fail, loved to death by gravities;
Pulled—even against tail flames
And frantic buttons—to some light—
White star, a plated moth.

There to die in an airless heap
Beyond this too, too casual Evolution,
Making the earth a little lighter
For its loss; trace minerals, humors
And a gasp of blood, red as sea water:
Now it is said, "nothing is ever lost,"
But then, by the same token,
It may be said, "nothing is ever found."



COMPILED BY MARJORIE M. KIMMERLE

EMBELLISHED BY ANN E. JONES

Fitted especially for Colorado and the other Rocky Mountain States, but also calculated, with a few corrections and adjustments to answer for all the United States.

Containing, besides a Weather Calendar for every month in the year, a variety of old, new, useful, dull, and entertaining matter on the conditions, prognostications, effects, and interpretations of the weather. Whereas other almanacs customarily contain information about a variety of subjects, this almanac has been limited to the subject of weather, a topic uppermost in the minds of many natives, newcomers, and tourists in the State of Colorado.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND READERS

This compilation has been made from a collection of folk sayings and other folklore contributed primarily by students in the colleges throughout the State of Colorado. To them and to the Council on Research and Creative Work of the University of Colorado, who generously made this collection possible, we wish to give our sincerest thanks. To *The Old Farmer's Almanac* and to *Poor Richard's Almanac* we wish to offer our most humble apologies.

It seemed best not to present the entire collection of folk sayings at this time, but to offer to the reader only a few morsels to whet his appetite. Weather sayings and other weather lore seemed a natural and most fitting choice, for in Colorado weather is particularly significant to the economy and therefore to the well-being of the State. Furthermore, we understand that weather is also important in several other areas of the United States, and indeed in several other parts of the world.

We hope, therefore, that a goodly number of readers will find the following information, advice, predictions, etc., not only useful but pleasurable. We have tried to include something for everyone: something for the child as well as the adult; something for the fisherman, the mountain climber, the sailor, the sheepherder, the tourist, and the laborer.

The almanac should be of particular interest to the conversationalist who may want to replenish his own supply of clichés about the weather. Keeping such a person in mind, we have tried to arrange the material in small groups with appropriate labels, and, whenever possible, we have given formulas for presenting the facts so that without too much effort the conversationalist can learn the proper saying for whatever occasion arises. We have indicated variants and occasional explanations by parentheses.

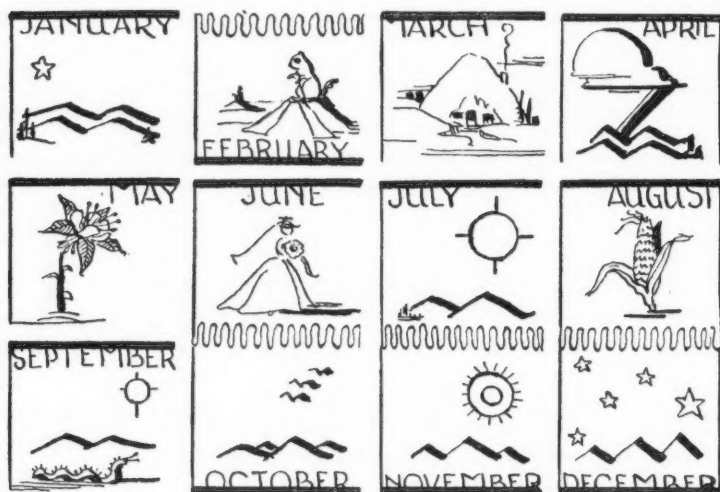
We hope that the arrangement in small groups will also serve another purpose: to allow the reader who gets bored by clichés to skip the sections he already knows. We regret that the weather has become the dullest subject in the world.

We also regret that we cannot guarantee the reliability of all the matter contained herein. So far as is humanly possible, we have tried to maintain standards of accuracy throughout. But

no man is infallible. We therefore humbly beg our readers to be charitable toward us—as indeed they have grown accustomed to be charitable toward the United States Weather Bureau—whenever reports or prognostications do not accord with the facts.

PEOPLE WHO PREDICT THE WEATHER

Only fools and tenderfeet (greenhorns, idiots, newcomers, tourists, weathermen) predict the weather in Colorado (or any other state). When one of these persons begins, with all the assurance in the world, a particularly long prognostication, you may ask sarcastically, "That's a weatherman?" Or you may yawn and say, "And the next day it rained."



WEATHER CALENDAR

JANUARY. Cold. Uncertain. As go the first three days of the year, so go the first three months.

FEBRUARY. Spring weather. Even more uncertain than January.

If the ground hog sees his shadow today (February 2)
Save half your corn and half your hay
To feed you through till the first of May.

MARCH. Usually the snowiest month. Snow slides, avalanches, drifts. March frequently comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion. (Bored by this old chestnut? Sorry. We warned you. You should have skipped this month.)

APRIL. Sometimes the snowiest month. You can certainly expect a blizzard on the day you have planned your first trip to the mountains. In Colorado the showers that bring May flowers are usually snowstorms. If it rains (snows) on Easter, the following six Sundays will be filled with rain (snow). Remember that a sharp April kills the pig, and therefore

Till April is dead,
Change not a thread.

MAY. Frequently has one heavy snow. But it also has good growing weather. And it is pleasant—unless it is filled with the showers that were supposed to come in April. If it rains on the first day of the month, you can expect at least twenty wet days in the month and when rain falls on the first Sunday of the month, you can expect showers for the next three Sundays.

JUNE. Usually continues pleasant, but don't be surprised if it snows. If it does, pretend you're a native of Colorado, look bored, and say casually, as you stand in front of your window, "It looks like Colorado out there."

JULY. Hot and dry. A trying month. (See the section on HEAT for how to express yourself.) When it's real hot, start listening for hail; you can hear it coming. If there's nice weather during the week, it will rain on Sunday—especially if you have planned a picnic.

AUGUST. Continued hot and dry. Dog days. To get your mind off the heat, start looking for signs that will tell you about fall and winter. Listen for locusts (katydids); when you hear them, it's only six weeks till the first killing frost. Keep a close eye on the ants; if they work at night or in the rain, you can expect a hard winter. If the cockleburrs are late in ripening, the first frost will be late; it never frosts to kill cockleburrs. And look for cones on the pines; many of them mean a severe winter. But always remember that a dry and warm August does the harvest no harm.

SEPTEMBER. Usually dry but a little cooler than August. Don't be surprised if it snows. If it does, you can tell how many snowstorms there will be for the whole winter (1) by noticing the number of the day of

the first snow, or (2) by subtracting that number from the total number of days in the month. But if it shouldn't snow in September, watch for the first caterpillar to cross your path and notice its color rings. If it is all light, you'll have a snowy winter; all dark, an open winter. If the front part is light and the back dark, you'll have snow the first part of the winter and none later on. If the caterpillar has several stripes, the width of the light and dark stripes will indicate the proportions of snow and open weather. Some people say that the width of the dark band indicates how long the winter will be.

OCTOBER. Expect a killing frost (a freeze) at the end of the month. A cricket singing in your fireplace means a hard winter. Ducks and geese flying south mean that winter is fast approaching. Clear autumn, windy weather; warm autumn, long winter.

NOVEMBER. Pretty cold except when it's just like summer. Then it's the kind of weather that makes a cowpuncher wonder what he did with his summer's wages. Watch the moon; a ring around it indicates that cold weather is approaching. Late in the afternoon when the sun is from 10 to 30 degrees above the horizon, watch for sundogs. A sundog on the left side of the sun means cold weather; on the right, mild weather; but on both sides, a storm.

DECEMBER. You may feel quite comfortable sitting out on the lawn in shirt and shorts. But don't count on it, and don't pray for such weather for Christmas, because a green Christmas makes a fat graveyard and a white Easter.

SPECIAL DAYS AND HOLIDAYS

(N.B.: We suggest that you skip this section since you may not understand or even recognize these most frequently used formulas.)

It always rains (snows) on Sundays (Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, or any day you don't want it to rain or snow) in the morning (afternoon, evening). It is always sunny on Easter (Christmas, New Year's Day). It never (always) snows for Christmas (Thanksgiving). It always (never) rains on Memorial Day (your birthday, your wedding day, graduation).

CLOUDS

MEANING OF THE COLOR OF CLOUDS. Big black, rolling (roiling, roily) clouds mean all kinds of storms. Green clouds—hail. White clouds over the black ones—wind.

MEANING OF THE SHAPE OR POSITION OF CLOUDS. Funnel-shaped means tornado. Bank of clouds—storm (the kind partly depends on the color). Clouds on the ground—rain or snow (you're in the midst of it). Clouds going around to the north—clearing. Clouds getting higher—storm coming closer. Clouds coming over the mountains from the west—a sudden, short, severe storm. Clouds in the east—solid rain or snow—storms that set in and last a whole day or several days.

COLD

DEGREES OF COLD. There are three basic formulas. (1) As cold as (colder than) a barn. (2) As cold as (colder than) a well digger's ankle (a polar bear's nose) in Alaska in January. (3) Cold enough to (so cold it would) freeze the balls off a billiard table. (Now skip to the next section—unless you like to play with words. If you do, then practice your skill by substituting other words in the basic formulas and try to work out other combinations. The following suggestions may be helpful in playing the game. You may substitute other things such as the north side of a tombstone; other animals such as billy goats or monkeys—even brass monkeys; other people such as nuns and witches; other cold parts of the world such as the Klondike or the Yukon; any other parts of the body; any winter months.)

DROUGHT (DRYNESS, DRY SPELLS) AND DUST

SIGNS OF APPROACHING DROUGHT OR A LONG DRY SPELL. A hold-water moon (a crescent moon that is on her back with the two points turned up). A crescent moon standing on one end showing that all the water has been poured out.

DEGREES OF DRYNESS. As dry as (drier than) a popcorn ball (a bone, a Fourth of July cake) in hell. So dry that the trees are chasing the dogs (that even the camels carry a canteen, that you can hear the beans trying to sprout).

DEGREES OF DUSTINESS. As dusty as (dustier than) a Kansas storm. (For further information about dust see STORMS.)

HEAT

DEGREES OF HEAT. (1) So hot you can hear the corn grow. (2) Hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk. (3) As hot as (hotter than) blue blazes. (4) As hot as (hotter than) hell in high water. (5) As hot as (hotter than) the hinges of hell.

(Again skip to the next section unless you like to play the substitution game. In formula 3 you may substitute such things as hell's own kitchen, Dutch love in August; and such people as a June bride. In formula 4 you may substitute such places as hell boiled in a half pint. In formula 5 you may substitute the beds, the hubs, the middle kettle, the tail gates, and the wheels of hell.)

RAIN

HOW TO MAKE IT RAIN (tomorrow or some time after tomorrow). Step on an ant or an anthill. Kill a daddy (granddaddy) longlegs. Cut off the head of a snake. Keep your car windows rolled down. Never leave the house without opening all the windows. Never wear a raincoat. Go on a picnic.

SIGNS OF RAIN. Flies biting or stinging; flies hanging on the screen door or on the side of a building out of the wind; croakers (bullfrogs) and peepers (baby frogs) making a lot of noise; tree frogs croaking; horses turning their backs to the wind; an unusually large number of martins or chimney sweeps (swallows) or seagulls soaring in the sky at a height not normal; a lot of rattlesnakes and copperheads out at one time (N.B.: then expect a flood!).

If a cock crows before he goes to bed,
He'll get up with a very wet head.

Rain crow singing, rain before morning.

Flashes of lightning, rolls of thunder,
The old hen squats and the chickens run under.

Lightning in the east, it looks like rain.
The boss said, "Boys, get the cattle in the lane."

The leaves of a poplar tree curling in a wilted manner; the underside of any kinds of leaves obviously showing. Sweat drops on a tea kettle on the stove or on a pitcher with cold water in it. A ring around the moon (the number of stars in the circle indicates the number of days before the rain); a tipped moon (when one end of a crescent moon is higher than the other so that the rain can pour out or when you can hang a powder horn on it); the sun drawing water. If the sun shines while it is raining, it will rain at the same time the next day.

Mackerel sky,
Not long dry.

KINDS OF RAIN. A dry rain (evaporates immediately and gets nothing wet); just a nice little shower (sprinkle); one of those slow, easy rains; a million dollar rain (a good long, steady downpour, especially out on the eastern plains where rain for the wheat crop means money); a flash flood; a regular old cloudburst (downpour, gully washer, soaker, soaking rain).

QUANTITY OF RAIN. You may be matter of fact and say that we got three-fourths of an inch of moisture, but it is better to say one of the following. Just enough to lay (settle) the dust; spatter (splatter) the windows; make it sticky. Enough to put (take) the wheat down. It rained so hard that the field (the garden, the pasture) is a regular lake.

WHAT IT RAINS. The most frequent formula: It's raining (pouring) cats and dogs outside. But it can also rain bull yearlings, cougars, coyotes, little fishes, frogs, polliwogs, little nigger (Negro) babies, puppy dog tails, cow manure and stones to splash it, five-dollar bills, hammer handles, hoe handles, nails, pitchforks, rake handles.

HOW LONG IT WILL RAIN. Not very long if birds, particularly chickens, seek shelter. But if they don't, the rain may last for days. Bubbles on the puddles mean rain for three days. Large, splattering drops (as big as silver dollars) mean a very short rain.

Just a little sunshine shower,
Only lasts a half an hour.

Rain before seven,
Sun before eleven.

HOW IT RAINED. It rained (sounded) like cats and dogs (like a tall, old cow . . . on a flat rock). The rain fell (came down) in (by) buckets (bucketfuls, buckets and washtubs); in sheets (sheets and pillowcases). It really peppered it down.

EFFECT OF RAIN. Thousands of toads and angleworms (earthworms, fishworms, fishing worms, night crawlers, night walkers) come out of the ground.

HOW TO STOP THE RAIN. Always keep your car windows rolled up. Always wear a rain coat. Always remember to close the windows when you leave the house. Call off all picnics, garden parties, etc. Clear up every bit of the food on your plate. Recite faithfully hour after hour, and if necessary, day after day:

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day.
Little Johnny (any other name will do)
Wants to play.

HOW TO EXPLAIN RAIN. If it rains when the sun is shining, the devil is beating his mother-in-law.

It's raining, it's pouring,
The old man is snoring.
He went to bed and bumped his head
And couldn't get up in the morning.

SNOW

KINDS OF SNOW. A regular old blizzard (stinger). A ground blizzard (no new snow falls, but the wind blows the snow on the ground with such force that the effect is that of a blinding blizzard). A heavy, wet snow. A red snow (when red dust gets mixed in with the snow). Large fluffy snowflakes (this kind won't last long).

CONDITIONS FOR SNOW. If it's cold, it won't snow.

DEPTH OR HEIGHT OF SNOW. Knee (or some other part of the body) deep (high) to a speckled fawn (a tall giraffe, an Indian pony, a tall Indian on a ladder).

HOW TO EXPLAIN SNOW TO YOUR CHILDREN. The old wife is shaking her feathers. Old Mother Hubbard is picking her geese. Someone has opened their feather tick.

STORMS

At first there is the lull (quiet, calm) before the storm, but soon you'll realize that it's blowin' (hailin', kickin', lovin', neckin', rainin', runnin') up a storm. And when the storm is finally raging, you wouldn't even send a dog out on a night like this.

KINDS OF STORMS. Dirt storms (dust storms, dusters, dry rain, Colorado rain). When the dirt really gets mixed with the rain, it's like mud pouring out of the sky. Hailstorms. Rainstorms. Snowstorms (blizzards). Thunderstorms (electrical storms). Windstorms (Chinooks, tornadoes, cyclones, funnel-shaped clouds, twisters, ground blizzards). Freak storms: when you see it shine, snow, hail, sleet, and come a dirt storm all in one day so that layers of snow get separated by layers of dust.

SIGNS OF STORMS. Train whistles (or any noise) can be heard from very far away. The old moon is in the arms of the new. The moon is turned upside down. There's a red sunrise or a rainbow in the morning. Cows gather under a tree (if it's a live oak, a hurricane!).

Storm's a-comin',
The horses (pigs, turkeys) are a-runnin'.

The animals of the forest quiet down. Manic depressives become restless and difficult to manage. Normal human beings get aches and pains. These can be expressed in two formulas. (1) I think it's going to rain (snow, storm); I feel it in my bones (back, sore toe, etc—especially any bone that was once broken). (2) My corns hurt (my rheumatism is acting up again); it must be going to rain (snow, storm).

SUNSHINE, GOOD WEATHER, CLEARING

SIGNS OF GOOD WEATHER. Red sunset, clear the next.

Fog in the hollow,
Fine day to follow.

When you just don't know whether you should start off on that picnic, wait until you see enough blue in the sky to make a pair of Dutchman's breeches; then you'll know that it's going to clear up.

THE EFFECT OF SUN. Happy is the bride the sun shines on.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

WHY YOU SHOULD (SHOULD NOT) HOPE FOR THUNDER STORMS. If a terrapin (turtle) latches on to you (grabs a hold of you), he won't let go until it thunders. Thunder curdles milk.

HOW TO EXPLAIN THUNDER STORMS TO YOUR CHILDREN. Lightning burns holes in the clouds; then the thunder shakes the holes bigger so that the rain can fall out. The angels are moving furniture, or the gods are cleaning house. The gods are falling down and hitting their heads on their bedsteads. The gods are having fights, The men (or the gods) are bowling; the balls are rolling and the pins are scattering. Zeus is having the hiccoughs. The old man is emptying his bricks again. Trucks are hauling rain across the sky. The old 'tater wagon upset and the 'taters are spilling all over the heavens; it's just the old 'tater wagon a-rollin' across the sky; another load of potatoes is falling on the bridge. Ghost horses are racing across the sky.

KINDS OF LIGHTNING. Heat lightning. Sheet lightning. Streak lightning. There seems to be no agreement about the difference between the three. But all people seem to agree that some kind of lightning does strike, but never twice in the same place (spot). The time that elapses between the lightning and the thunder indicates the distance away that

the lightning struck. You may choose whatever time-distance ratio you like.

After the storm is over, you may say that the lightning really popped and cracked and just danced in the tree tops.

WIND

SIGNS OF WIND STORMS. Edginess, restlessness, sleeplessness. Big black roily clouds in the southwest. White clouds over the black ones. An unusually red sunrise. Intermittent calms and blows of wind are signs of a tornado.

WARNINGS ABOUT WIND. When a storm comes up against a wind (when a wind is behind a storm, when the wind's in a bad corner, when the wind's got its back up), look out! Always be on your guard. In eastern Colorado the wind can be very switchy.

DEGREES OF WINDINESS. The wind is so bad (it's so windy; it blows so hard or so much) that you have to tie the calves' tails together to keep them from blowing through the drift fence; that you have to put the saddle blanket under the horse's tail to keep the wind from blowing the bit out his mouth; that you can tie your plow to the fence post and cultivate your land as it blows by.

EFFECTS OF THE WIND. When the wind stopped, every place was plumb bare; all the snow was blown into the gullies. Why, the wind just tore up Jack (Ned). And it really played whaley with the wheat (stack, windmill). It even blew the hair right off of the rabbits. (N.B.: In Colorado *blowed* is the preferred form of the past tense and the past participle.)

ADVICE TO SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS

FISHERMEN. Fish bite better when a storm is coming up.

When the wind is in (from) the east,
The fish they bite the least.
(It ain't fit for man or beast)

When' the wind is in (from) the west,
The fish they bite the best.

When the wind is in (from) the north,
The fishermen fail to sally forth.

When the wind is in (from) the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS. Beware of eating snow that doesn't melt all year.
It's pink (from the organisms in it) and poisonous!
SAILORS AND/OR SHEEPHERDERS.

Red sky (rainbow) at night,
Sailors (shepherds) delight.
Red sky (rainbow) in the morning,
Sailors (shepherds) take warning.

TOURISTS.

Evening red, morning grey
Sets the traveler on his way.

WORKMEN (WORKING GIRLS) of all varieties. While a storm is going on,
you may sit down and rest, because it just isn't right for you to work
when the good Lord is working.

And now that you have found out all there is to know about the
weather, if you don't like the weather in Colorado (or any other
state), just cross the street or walk a block or move a mile. But it
would be wisest just to wait a minute. It'll change.



DE COQUINA

By ALBERT HOWARD CARTER

If Robert Frost, V. Sackville-West, Ciceroly
passing Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, and Dryden
If they, I say, can celebrate the field tools,
husbandry, vine and wine, and wool combs

Why not today the briquet, the turning fork,
the salad basket, deep freeze, and stainless skewer
Not to speak (O.M.T.C.!) of cardamon, oregano, basil,
caraway, marjoram, and unique garlic.

And the final glory: the chicken Tetrizzini,
avocado and romaine, with oil and vinegar
Biscuits (hot) with running honey
and an honest cheese and fruit if you must?

I am not so much contra Catalanian decency
which robs us blind of a wondrous world in verse
As I am pro an archaic love—Herrick, I mean,
or Milton, Burton, Swift, Keats, and Hopkins—
Of created things, by God or His kitchen agents.

Whither, O avantgarde?

DONALD SUTHERLAND

In an otherwise amiable foreword to the twentieth issue of *Botteghe Oscure*, Archibald MacLeish writes judicially: "The aridity of *avantgardism* with its preference for means over ends and manner over meaning has eroded *Botteghe Oscure* on occasion as it has eroded other publications which have been similarly hospitable. *Avantgardism* is the occupational disease of the inexperienced young." The avantgarde has evidently fussed MacLeish into relaxing his grip on both manner and meaning, since aridity does not erode and neither inexperience nor youth is an occupation—though indeed they sometimes can be, not only among poets. But of course he is not referring to the programmatically innocent or fresh styles, these not being essentially prone to avantgardism; one does see past what he says into what he vaguely means and one cannot but feel for this disturbance in his thought and style. The present situation of the avantgarde can unnerve almost anybody.

Avantgardism in general need not have anything in particular to do with ends and means, manner and meaning, youth and age, experience or inexperience. It is simply the position of artists who are or mean to be farthest ahead in the direction in which their epoch at large is moving. That position is awkward just now because the epoch does not seem to be moving, or if it is moving it is only milling and heaving about, not in any evident direction. How can the avantgarde tell whether it is ahead of the rest of the epoch, behind it, or somewhere foolishly out on the flank? It really cannot tell, so it is more irritable than ever, and people in the rest of the epoch get irritated in turn at being told so sharply to follow something into a direction or several directions into which they do not feel the least impulse to move even a little way. They can talk in a somewhat administrative tone, as MacLeish, about ends and means, manner and meaning, as if these questions had been finally legislated upon by Congress, Philosophy, or the

Church. Even less reasonable is a premature affectation of venerability out of which to accuse the avantgarde of being young, which it is not, not if Kenneth Patchen, Kenneth Rexroth, Henry Miller and Dr. Williams are involved in it. Yet venerability may be a fair enough answer to the very young of the avantgarde who fancy they are ahead of things simply by being young. How can they be ahead when they are twenty years or so late getting started?

But the avantgarde suffers, regardless of age, from a more serious confusion of time, acting as if it were still in the situation of thirty years ago, when everyone still rather felt that progress was in the nature of things and a sort of duty if not a mission, when *novelty*, *experiment*, *freedom*, and even *revolution* were nice words, when the sense of free and forward movement was almost equivalent to life—though, as Rimbaud had observed, by advancing one only reaches the end of the world. Gertrude Stein said or sang that going forward may be the same as going backward, and the avantgarde seems to feel that by returning to the twenties it is going forward. It well may be, but the air of archaism in the avantgarde is confusing to anybody with no feeling for cyclic time. I for one have none and I think the epoch at large has none either, however much it may play with cyclic theories. But does it have a clear sense of moving any other way? I think not, except perhaps in a syncopated relation to the equally mixed temporality of Russia.

If, under the superficial agitations and wanderings, the inner movement of the epoch is not exactly one of retreat but contractile and consolidating, the quite natural mission of the avantgarde during a general digging in would be to hold and patrol the outposts, the ground gained thirty years ago. That mission may explain everything, but I have only begun this article.

The weakening of our sense of direction and the distrust of forward movement may be due in part to science, which has eminently progressed, but to a point from which only the space-happy few care much to go on, and most people are impelled rather to recoil. When science was biological and evolutionary it not only progressed but was about progress. Now it is dominated by physics and does not progress so much as increase by intensity and elaboration, or change by correcting and refining itself, or go round and round. The movement of one of its typical expressions,

the atom bomb, is an instantaneous multiplication of disruptions out of an infinitesimal split, or, more visually put, a stupendous upward thrust followed by a billowing and loose diffusion fading into fall-out. The movement of a Sputnik is again a stupendous upward thrust but followed by a going around and around and around on a fixed orbit while uttering little cries in code until altitude is gradually lost and there is a random plunge to earth. Such movements might be promising as models for the composition of movement in poetry, even if they get more strict than they are at present, but since none of them contains a generally forward movement, the avantgarde cannot get to the front of them or get its bearings by them, as Shelley could with the movement of winds, clouds, tempests, boats, Napoleon, etc. If the exemplary objective movement of our epoch is explosive, vertical, and diffuse or rotary at a very high elevation, the spiritual dynamics in keeping with it would be such ecstatic and diffuse forms of religiosity or expansive and aspiring conservatism as in the Baroque—nothing that goes freely forward. The avantgarde might, on its principle of being "far out," behave like a satellite, rising arbitrarily above the epoch and going around and around it on a different though related orbit at a much faster pace, but then the avantgarde would have to take another name such as outsidership, or rather out-ridership, and anyway this hasn't succeeded in happening yet, so far as I know.

Still there is one school of poetry which is corroborated rather than confused by the movement of physics, and that is the Catholic, more violent now than pietistic, in the rough-house Roman style, corresponding to the athletic nun and the tail-gunner priest. The addition of violence and explosions to the ordinary Catholic sense of vertical movement and a universal spread at a high altitude makes in a way for a contemporary poetry, easily confused with the avantgarde, but which in fact goes farther back than the twenties, into the seventeenth century Metaphysicals, when astronomy and physics, missiles and calculating machines, and a sort of solar rather than vital God were the fashion as now. Moreover the elevation of this poetry, though vehemently reaffirmed, is conventional and not gained by a burst of energy, except perhaps in some converts. One does want poetry to answer subjectively to the energy as well as to the scale of the time, but alas Catholic poetry

does not, though it looks and sounds as if it did. You can mention the Holy Ghost, exclaim about it or even rough it up, call it—with sufficient orthodoxy—a cool and crazy pigeon, and you get a mild interest but no altitude out of it. The problem is much the same in philosophical poetry—no amount of talk about Ontology or Space or Time or Man or Nitrogen will get a poem an inch off the ground. The vocabulary of elevation is usually just like the propellers on top of the beanies children were wearing some years back. So it is discouraging. But other poets, without the Catholic sense of dynamics and a vertical direction, without the philosophic sense of high and wide universals, even without some oriental sense of universal dissolution, are still more discouraging, tending as they do to stay put or move gently around and around on the ground, not upward nor onward nor outward, so as not to disarrange anything, set off a real explosion, or change the natural pedestrian perspective of a foreground receding or unfolding to a walkable distance.

We have a vast number of Culture poets who do exercises, not experiments, who do not care so much for life as for experience, and their experience does not lead to action or more experience so much as to thought about the concluded experience. It is meditative poetry, quite under the shadow of Wordsworth, very contained within or revolving upon itself and not likely to disturb anything. But it is civilized, and a natural development, not only of recoil from the barbarities and enormities which Science has permitted itself, but of the finally real lack of a given frontier and so of a mission for pioneering or colonizing or discovery. It is still possible to find a frontier in South America or Africa if you look hard enough, even to think up a mission like Schweitzer's, of bringing God, Bach, and medical care to savages, but you do not even disturb the general situation, which is not now a pioneering one, so one might as well give up, settle down, and be civilized, even Chinese and with a wall. In many ways the culture poets are right. Though the critical words in the air which encourage them—e.g. *maturity, compassion, reverence, wisdom, sensitivity, responsibility, competence*—also encourage passivity, the poetry this attitude produces has positive values like civilization, richness, delicacy, and perhaps depth in place of elevation. Also beauty.

Rimbaud after a lot of poetic pioneering came back and bowed to Beauty. And why not?

But for better or worse what annoys or should annoy the avantgarde about the culture poets is their internal movement, which is a milling or rotating or at most a radiation, and one can feel more vividly than anything else the hunger for a forward movement, especially if one is old enough to have been formed by that hunger and that movement. The practical question is not so much why the culture poets and the Catholic poets do not provide such a forward movement, not even whether it is not old-fashioned and wicked to want it, as whether it exists any more in anything that has anything immediately to do with poetry. Well, I can think of two such things that can still be felt as going forward, if only in time: the personal life and music. Not always, since there are retentive personalities which cling to history, tradition, documentation, and childhood, and plenty of music does not really move forward but either lapses along on mere succession or makes with agitation as if it were getting somewhere when it actually stays where it is or goes back where it came from, as in Bach or in most jazz. Still the avantgarde is basing itself now on the personal life and on music.

Once I said (in these pages: "The Meaning of Poetry Now," Autumn, 1952) that poetry having based itself on imagery and then on thought long enough would now base itself on musicality or temporality, and this, which had begun to happen when I said so, has now got beyond anything. There is a vogue, with the avantgarde and nearly everybody else, for reciting poetry and listening to it being recited, instead of writing and reading it. I cannot be fair to this phenomenon because, though I can endure listening to poetry by a mixture of will-power and apathy, I get little out of it but confusion. To me, who am not musical, seeing is believing, and a poem read aloud is not real as a poem, or rather so obscured by the brute external reality which any present event has that I cannot follow the inner movement. When a poet is reciting his own poetry I find the poem not personalized for me—which might be nice—so much as devoured by the reality of the personal presence actually emitting words at me.

The musical mind has a similar trouble with print, as the Germans, who are mostly convinced if not convincing in music but

very doubtful in the visual arts, say *Er lügt wie Eindrückt*, he lies like print, and for the musical mind printed poetry would be like a score, not real until performed aloud. Such a mind can hear its way past a vocal rendition of a poem and tell whether the thought and images and syntax also move in the midst of the inevitably eventuating sound, as it can hear the figures changing about in a fugue behind the rigged vivacity of its rhythm and tempo. I cannot, not on first hearing, and I cannot, without the orientation of a narrative, follow the thought, if at all intricate, at the speed of recitation. So most of my objections to recitation come from personal deficiencies, but I think it impersonally true that a poem with no forward impulse of rhythm, syntax, rhetoric, or spirit, can be made to seem to move on by recitation, and that what look on the page to be the cheapest effects of alliteration, consonance, and dissonance can be very entertaining when heard, and that the most frigid trope can move to tears when uttered by a good voice, as words in a libretto can. *Che farò, senza Euridice? dove andrò senza il mio ben?* is perfunctory enough rhetoric to read but enough to kill you when sung.

I am less fussed by the recitations by Rexroth, Patchen, and Ferlinghetti in collaboration with jazz combi—partly because I have not heard them but also because they may extend poetry into a non-literary form like recitative, oratorio, Sprachstimme, or something. On principle I like a really hybrid form, or almost anything that jumps its category, but poetry recited without music or merely accompanied by music strikes me as not denatured but only illustrated.

Illustrations in books interfere with the reality of the written descriptions at first reading, but illustrations in a book one has already read and visualized, or movie versions or comic book versions of it even, are very pleasant because they let one amuse oneself by freely comparing one's own vision with the illustration without at all confusing the two. In much the same way, the recitation of poems one does not know in advance is confusing but the recitation of a familiar poem can be nice. Such pleasures aside, the usual purpose of illustration is pedagogic or anagogic, to make things easy for people who cannot manage a primary form but are equal to a vulgarization and open to a relentless occupation of one or more of their senses, as in TV. Recitation can thus

make such irresistible propaganda for Culture that at least twice the police or the fire department has had to be called out to manage the crowd.

The performances of Patchen, Rexroth, Ferlinghetti, etc., mobbed or not, seem to be not illustration but a hybrid musical form, a free one, freer than say Edith Sitwell's *Façade*, and allowing for improvisation, since the jazz with it is improvised in part and not a fixed setting. Ideally the poet should mostly improvise as he recites, though on a given theme as the musicians do and as Italian *improvisatori* used to do, but this takes a special gift and is very exhausting. One might object it would only be Metastasio over again, but no, because the improvisation is in concert with improvised music, and so far as I know this is or would be quite new. *Ah!mè!* Ferlinghetti is not really an Italian and Rexroth seems to be either quitting or working at closer prearrangement with the combo, and perhaps this has to be done, for lack of the special gifts and training.

The performances are done by a group and in a nightspot. The nightspot ought to prejudice poetry toward being an entertainment instead of a monument and though this prejudice is as old as Homer it would be rather fresh for us and disengage us not only from the ritual solemnities of Eliot and the jocose educationism of Pound but from the meditations of the Culture poets. If it does, the early formula by Mr. MacLeish, that a poem should not mean but be, will have to be revised and poetry will mean or be or both as it pleases but in any case will have to *do* something. A charming prospect, but there is more.

Poetry has ordinarily been solitary, both in the writing and in the reading, and this new sociability, both in the creation and in the reception, may lead to something new in poetry, though not new in the theater. If poetry is to be by a group, how integrated or how loose is the group to be? Like the Rockettes or like the *Commedia dell'Arte*? If the poetry is still to come out of the personal life going forward and the individuals in the group are not to be confined to movements in relation to each other inside the group as a place but to share a general forward movement, is the group to be like a spearhead, a serried and concerted attack in a direction, or like a group of scattered scouts roughly fanning out each on his own but all in relation and with some communi-

cation with each other? I hope the latter, with some reason, since in spite of the concentration of the nightspot, the San Francisco group is so loose that some people say it is not a group at all. This way it may be infiltrating future forms.

The grouping is by no means that of a political party, a society, or even a coterie, but very personal and spontaneous, the nearest it gets to objective coherence being that it localizes itself somewhat in and around San Francisco or in and around Greenwich Village or tries to get its bearings in time by belonging vaguely to a generation, sometimes with a sobriquet like *lost*, *mislead*, *hiding*, *beat*, or *silent*. But the groups get very mixed in age, place, prominence, and sonority, so the real principle of coherence is more probably a similar sense of forward movement which makes the members of the group congenial until they differ about something else.

The alliance of poetry with music—with temporality as against spatiality or thought, which become incidental—is still a risk for the avantgarde because musical forms can as well as not be rotary. The fugue and such are rotary or spiral, and the schemes of da capo and coda have carried into modern music so persistently they control even the plot of *Vanessa*, where the initial situation of the major aunt is repeated poignantly at the end in the minor niece. Somebody once passed the remark that everything has to have a coda, so here we are, wagging our tails behind us. Though there is in fact and in name a progressive jazz it tends only to scatter, oscillate, or explode gently, as in bop, or to swing or to rock and roll, none of these implying any more progress than the waltz, that swung minuet. Judging from the vocabulary the intention of most jazz is not to move but to maintain a state of ecstasy—out of this world like a satellite—which is kept cool by feeding it a perpetual movement as in air conditioning but not disturbing it. There is also much worrying of harmonics, of color and tonality, and of the movement of voice *around* the leading melody or rhythm, or back and forth from it or up and down, all painfully reminiscent of the art of the fugue and excellent company for the cultural, but the avantgarde should properly be interested only in those elements of music which have a wandering forward movement, open to accident and sudden excursions which never get around to recon-

ciling themselves with the character of the opening bars, much less returning to them. These would now be mainly in melody and rhythm, only secondarily in tonal developments.

One likely experiment in cross-breeding with music is Lynn Martin's invention of the polyphon, in which two or more voices recite simultaneously as many different but closely related poems. The polyphon, still in an experimental stage and almost a secret, has yet, I think, to extricate itself from an organization of thought and image which belongs to the written poem and develop an organization proper to song or the recited poem, but as an experiment it is already exciting. It is moving gradually out of the dangers implicit in an imitation of musical polyphony, of falling into the fugue and a cool control of the movement by vertical or harmonic relations, and has got as far on as the sonata, which can open into almost anything. The closest joining of the liveliest issue in poetry is, I think, in this experiment.

In less experimental but still newish poetry there are two opposed tendencies—one, laggingly enough, to refrains, to sestinas, even to villanelles and "cycles," and the other, I think more promising, to the diffuse or prolonged and wandering line. This last sorts with the vogue in prose for the interminable novel and the interminable sentence as in Molly Bloom's soliloquy or in Faulkner but revived for present purposes by Kerouac at times; and though it is often foolish, a catch-all or dispose-all, and of course an external, it *can* register a forward continuity of movement. In poetry the equivalent is the line extended to a short or long paragraph, I suppose invented by Whitman and continued by Sandburg and Jeffers for expressing an inner or outer abundance but now used for prolonging movement both beyond the routine shuttlings of pentameters, the mincing of tetrameters, on down to the wavering or fissionary monometers, of the civilized school, and beyond the scattered or shredded line inherited from Pound and Dr. Williams.

The scatter poem left poetry open to any movement whatever but was in itself a matter of disjunct phrasings and cadences, of floatings, purlings, cascading and apparitions, not of positively forward movement. The new use of the paragraph line tries, I think, to get into the poem a more energetic and sustained forward

movement; at least in Ginsberg's poem "Howl"—in spite of the explosive and vertical title—the line often succeeds in hurtling along. A projectile line can mean to damage but as well to celebrate, like a *fusée* in fireworks and as Patchen has done it, in paragraphs, stanzas, and anecdotes, even whole fables. (Patchen, like Pound, is a moral fix to even an amateur critic: one cannot praise him properly without sounding charitable, because he is ill, as one cannot damn Pound properly without sounding uncharitable, because he is in or out of a federal hatch. And why is it that our most agile poets, Patchen and Cummings, have to come down with something like arthritis?) We have got on from the scatter to the patter poem, and the problem of getting intensity and momentum as well as speed into the latter is on its way toward being solved.

In the critical turmoil over "Howl" there was some question of Ginsberg's violence and whether it was his or that of the age. Who cares? or that the violence gives an effect of hysteria or exhibitionism which gets to be exasperating as emotion: as a force it does move the line ahead and even as hysteria it introduces a wide stridency which opens up the minute and chromatic discords of tone and wit used by the civilized school and the mere worry which passes for Anguish in much of the avantgarde.

Ginsberg sometimes uses refrains, but as accumulation, I think, rather than recurrence, or as ground for a new departure each time rather than a binding back of line or stanza. So other poetic elements which ordinarily work backwards can perhaps be made to work forwards, perhaps even rhyme. I suspect they can and will, but the avantgarde very frequently omits rhyme, even verse, and works rather from the prose-poem or in variants of it. The prose-poem, launched again some years ago by C. H. Ford, is very well as a hybrid, but prone to turn into a de luxe essay, and as an essay it has only a tentative movement, even if encrusted with images and fine comment and klieg perceptions to make it more resultant. It has a beautiful tradition, from Baudelaire to Char and including much of Dylan Thomas, but I think it a bad risk for the avantgarde unless its movement is kept fairly disembodied and pitched up to the exploratory from the reflective or theatrical and to the resolute from the casual. Its promise is more for the civilized school.

Narrative ought to make a poem move ahead but narrative poetry is now usually written, if at all, as a series of lyrical comments or meditations on events in simple succession, and the narrative itself has virtually no movement, or is an anecdote containing a simple switch. The only recent poem I know which does have a long sustained narrative movement as well as a lyrical movement of discourse playing along with the narrative or through it is the one by Douglas Nichols on Johnny Appleseed, which appeared in *Botteghe Oscure* without eroding it. The narrative is encumbered by a meditative prelude and postlude—otherwise it might not pass for a real poem these days—but in itself the narrative does go handsomely ahead. In this respect Nichols is ahead of the avantgarde, though in most other respects central and civilized.

As to the personal life. Under the functionalism of most American life there is bound to be disaffection, not only among the young who sometimes want to live their own lives but in older people who get bored stiff with the American way as advertised. A startling number of people, not all artists or natural Bohemians, have dropped out of the system and are living, with or without an income, in only the slightest relation to the national culture. Henry Miller moons over the rightness and wisdom of these precipitated people but since they are not moving in a direction they are of slight interest to the avantgarde. If they rose up from within once in a while, like Indians in North Carolina or scientists in the social scale, they might be of more interest, but as it is they only exemplify a preliminary disconnection from the epoch, as do also the Church and Anarchism, and they lack a wildness that might make them move on from simple disconnection, becoming more useful associates for the avantgarde.

Even their individualism is of no use, not unless it moves, since the individual in himself is neither sacred nor interesting just now. There is a little vocalizing still about self-expression, but most people are pretty well aware that unless the self moves in some direction or other its expression is of no interest even to the self doing the expressing, so that in the avantgarde at least

the self has had to get ready to move. One preliminary is the cultivation of tension by describing the struggle of the self to maintain itself, or its protests or its disintegration. Ginsberg is in large part such a self hopped up on agony, and a being at bay is in some quarters so orthodox that any writing which is not pre-occupied with the urban or suburban agony of the individual but makes irresponsible excursions into the country or abroad where things are pleasanter is taken to be frivolous and feeble. But since any individual in any city can be in an agony, nobody but a sociologist can be interested for long in description of the details, even when done in a local or fashionable or personal idiom. So there has been a transfer of interest from the individual and his predicament to his *stance*. It is not the attitudinized individual with his relations but the stance itself which is the esthetic object now, so one may say that much of the avantgarde, if not yet dancing, is practising ballet positions, and we are on the verge of a moral and spiritual choreography I can hardly wait to see.

Externally the avantgarde has done something drastic about inducing forward movement into the personal life, in making it a career. A fairly adroit publicity is conducted about members of the avantgarde, both in regular publicity and in the guise of reporting and criticism, to such effect that it is hard not to know how old a poet is, what he does for a living, how many prizes he has won to date, how many wives and children he has had and what they are all doing these days, much of the sort of material one knows about a figure in a Hollywood career. The career may indeed divert too much energy from writing or land you in the Library of Congress before your time, but if the inner vitality of the self is stimulated to keep up with the outward career, as if in time with it, such dangers are worth the risk. Except for teaching, which too intimately retards the mind and saps the talent.

Meanwhile, to keep the self interior while getting it ready to move, there is an endless amount of intimism. In poetry it produces not only descriptions of private experiences, past or present, with lots of circumstance, but also a kind of acute rhizophrenia, or preoccupation with roots, historical or prehistorical. Also poets keep writing letters to each other, or entertainments contrived for the special taste of a friend. The civilized school does all this

too but the intention of the avantgarde, I hope, is to gather interior momentum into the present *stance*.

One traditional strategy of the avantgarde to keep outward things moving, even if not precisely forward, has been scandal. It has not done at all well lately. Some of the San Francisco crowd called themselves Anarchists, but this turns out to be less alarming than *Walden Pond*. It is difficult, this late, to disturb anybody worth disturbing by simply being an Anarchist or a Communist or even a Trotskyite. Impenitent Fascism, like that of Ezra Pound, is embarrassing enough to the calling of poet, and younger people with fascist coloration may be infuriating, but they are no scandal.

In the old days any variety of sex could scandalize but now nobody is surprised at anything. "Howl" was a dud, coming after Genêt's compounding of homosexuality with burglary. Brother Antoninus' poem on masculinity as theologically a perversion (the soul being feminine to God) is too amusing to be a scandal, and not new. Once Donne proposes enthusiastically to be raped by the Trinity, this vein of devotional shock pinches out quickly. About all one can make of sex now is a simple or swagger priapism, the future of which stance James Broughton has already entered, and while it is a step ahead of the mysticities of Lawrence and the grubby bawdries of Henry Miller, it is no scandal. Neither is the carrion school after Baudelaire, nor drugs, nor crime, nor the infantile cannibalism of Tennessee Williams, nor a classical education, and unless one takes to the scandal of being entirely and invisibly ordinary, which Cocteau has exploited to the point of election to the French Academy, I see no ground of scandal possible now except a masterpiece. Since nobody really wants to read or write one any more, a masterpiece would be a scandal well enough, but it would take a Hugo to do one in these times. And one can no more predict the appearance of a Hugo than one can that of a Paricutin, the Mexican volcano that came up in a corn-field, instead of the usual corn.

I cannot measure how far the avantgarde has moved from the rest of the epoch or from the civilized school, since they all do so much of the same thing. Nor can I tell where or in what direction,

except for the general direction of a disengaged but fraternal kind of lyricism, the avantgarde is going. Yet I think it is due to whatever movement it has made that the drift of the following manifesto by Verlaine sounds contemporary to me for the first time in my life and not an attitude of the 1880's peculiar to him:

Above all, music! And the Odd does well
for that, being vaguer than the Even,
more soluble in the airs of heaven,
containing nothing that will drag or dwell.

Moreover never make your verse too neat
nor choose words without getting something wrong;
what's dearer than the misty tipsy song
where Indecision and Precision meet?

For it is veils flattering lovely eyes,
it is broad noonday's tremulous blaze,
it is clear stars tangled in blue haze
appearing sometimes in warm autumn skies.

Because we want the Tone again. We scorn
Color and will have nothing but the tone.
Oh, it is tone's inflexion which alone
weds dream to dream, and flute to hunting-horn!

Flee for your life the Pointed Style that slays,
cruel Wit, and impure Laughter, with their sneers
that bring the innocent Azure's eyes to tears
— and all such garlic of the cheap cafés.

Take eloquence in hand, and wring its neck!
You will do well, while feeling up to it,
to force Rhyme to behave itself a bit.
Where will it lead, unless it have some check?

What tongue can tell the harm Rhyme does to style?
What stone deaf child or what delirious
black savage forged this penny gaud for us
that sounds hollow and false under the file?

More music still! And more, and at all times!
Oh let your verse be such a flying thing
one feels it sped from some soul on the wing
toward other loves than these, in other climes.

Write, like the Sibyl, fortunes that are sure
to be dispersed on the crisp morning wind
which moves shedding a scent of thyme and mint—
and all the rest is only literature.



The controversial Twenty-second Amendment

JAMES L. BUSEY

No person shall be elected to the office of President more than twice, and no person who has held the office of President or acted as President, for more than two years of a term to which some other person was elected President shall be elected to the office of the President more than once. . . . —Twenty-second Amendment

Opposition to the Twenty-second Amendment is shared by a very large number of distinguished public leaders, journalists, and social scientists. A majority of political scientists are probably critical of the Twenty-second Amendment. Such opposition centers around four main objections to the limitation on presidential terms: (1) it may deprive the people of the best available leadership; (2) it denies the voters the right to choose whomever they wish for the Presidency, which is a violation of liberty; (3) it weakens the President's power of leadership during his second term, when it is known he is soon to go out of office; and (4) it was inspired simply by a desire for revenge against Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose election for a third and a fourth term had broken the two-term precedent.

There is, however, another side to the matter.

The first argument smacks too much of the concept of the "indispensable man" to square with the ideals of a working democracy. It suggests that among millions of Americans there can be found only one man who can pull the nation through a crisis.

To take the obvious illustration, Mr. Roosevelt was elected for his third term in November of 1940. War in Europe had been under way since September 1, 1939. By the time of the inauguration in January of 1941 most of Western Europe had fallen to the Nazis. In June the Nazis invaded the U.S.S.R.; on December 7, 1941, there was Pearl Harbor. Such desperate times made a strong case for keeping a President in office.

Yet would any of us seriously contend that if another man had taken office in January of 1941, some different and sadder series of events would have occurred? Or that if Mr. Roosevelt had been unwilling to accept a fourth term and had gone out of office in January of 1945, in the very midst of war, that the United States would have suffered disastrous consequences?

As it turned out in fact, President Roosevelt suddenly died on April 12, 1945; the relatively unknown Harry S. Truman immediately occupied the Presidency, and the United States survived. There is now no way of knowing whether the change in the Presidency of April 12, 1945, had an advantageous or an adverse effect on the fortunes of the nation. It can also be questioned whether such a change would have had calamitous effects in 1941, when the war was already under way.

I would contend that the doctrine of the indispensable man is entirely fallacious. The theory suggests that the necessary talents for the Presidency are confined to one individual only, and it attaches an aura of semi-divinity to one person, which is more akin to the doctrines of the hero-worshipping dictatorships than to the concepts of liberty.

Seven times the United States has suddenly lost Presidents by death, and yet the republic still stands. All the thirty-two men who have previously occupied the office have had to step down sooner or later, and the nation still has not crumbled. When Dwight D. Eisenhower leaves the Presidency, disaster will not be our certain fate.

Let us now look at the "right-to-choose" argument, which is as fallacious as the concept of the indispensable man. As a matter of fact there are numerous restrictions on the voters' right to choose a President. For example, they are forbidden to elect a person to the Presidency who is under thirty-five years of age. They are forbidden to elect a person who is not a natural-born citizen of the United States or who has not been a resident of the country for at least fourteen years.

These prohibitions against the "right-to-choose" were put in the Constitution as means for preserving government against inexperience, treason, or idiocy. Would we contend that these provisions constitute serious denials of liberty? Is it wrong, for example, that the voters are prohibited from electing a child to the Presidency?

Or a foreign citizen? Or an American who has never set foot in the United States? It is such limitations on liberty that strengthen freedom for the long pull of generations of political change.

In this connection, it is not difficult to demonstrate that long continuance in elective office is far more destructive of liberty than is a prohibition against continued election. A long-time holder of the Presidency can over the years secure a political prestige, an apparent enhancement of stature, an aura of virtue, and a mastery over the elements of control, which can eventually make meaningless all elections and all liberties. In the case of President Roosevelt, there can be little doubt that his eight years in the Presidency helped facilitate his election to a third term; that his three terms in office, in addition to the war and other facts, facilitated his election to a fourth term; and that if he had lived, he might today, at the age of seventy-six, still be President and that elections would by now be almost meaningless formalities, as devoid of substance as are the so-called "elections" of the Dominican Republic, Paraguay, or the U.S.S.R.

By the time one man has held the Presidency for as many as twelve years, there is a whole generation of new voters who can hardly remember any other man in the office. If Joe Doakes has been President for three terms, it is as hard for these young people to conceive of Smith or Brown in the office as it is now for many Argentines to become accustomed to having Arturo Frondizi as president of their country, and not Juan Domingo Perón. After a few more years of President Joe Doakes, a vote against Doakes becomes a vote against God.

The third argument—that a limitation of terms may weaken the President's power of leadership—can be forcefully contended either way. It is a fact that with a two-term limitation imposed by custom, this nation survived for one hundred and fifty-two years. It is equally true that if the President has no more jobs to give out and it is known that he is soon to leave office, he will lose some influence and prestige. It is, however, also possible that a President who has been freed of worry about his political future and who knows that his retirement is imminent can for those very reasons become an extremely influential, independent-minded, and free-wheeling character.

The fatal weakness of the "loss-of-power" contention, however,

lies in the fact that the same thing might be said about a third term, or a fourth term, or a tenth term. Eventually a President becomes a "lame duck." How much better that he should leave office after a first or a second term, when he is still in full command of all his physical and mental faculties, than that his administration should drag through years of creeping physical weakness and senility in the vain hope that his power will not be weakened.

Actually, of course, the "loss-of-power" argument is more than anything a proposition for the abolition of elections, which tend to diminish the power of the President by the constant threat of a reverse at the polls. Marcos Pérez Jiménez, recently dethroned dictator of Venezuela, may have had something of this sort in mind when he declared that a regular election would "distract the energies, sow division, and enthrone bitterness."

It is hard to say what evils are envisaged by the weakened-President argument. Is it meant that the whole executive branch will fall into chaos, that people will be stumbling all over each other without direction? Confusion is not unknown in the executive branch of government, but there is little evidence that it becomes markedly worse as the end of a Presidential term approaches.

Or is it the thought here that the Executive may not be able to get his program through the Congress? This, again, is not an unheard-of event in our government, and depends as much on the outcome of Congressional elections as it does on the proximity of an administration's end.

Finally, is it meant that all virtue is necessarily on the side of the President and all evil on the side of his opponents? That, in all events, the President's program, whatever it is, must go through? That the President should be able to impose his will as he sees fit, or doom will strike? All such contentions, of course, are inappropriate to a free society and are based on the dubious proposition that papa knows best.

The last argument contends that the Twenty-second Amendment was passed in a fit of spite as a posthumous revenge against the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. This is of course no argument at all. As long as the two-term custom was maintained, there was no need for a two-term amendment. Such an amendment

could only have been initiated after someone had secured more than two terms. In this case, the precedent-breaker happened to be President Roosevelt, and the amendment followed.

It is undoubtedly true that a very large number of supporters and promoters of the Twenty-second Amendment were Roosevelt-haters and were prompted in their action by the memory of his twelve years in office. The Amendment, however, was passed by two-thirds of both houses of Congress and was then ratified by the legislatures of the requisite three-fourths of the states. It was not surreptitiously slipped into the Constitution by a cabal of reactionary conspirators against the deceased Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

In summary, then, I would say that all four of the arguments against the Twenty-second Amendment lack the merit that is ordinarily attributed to them. The implication that any one man can concentrate in himself such qualities of leadership that no one can possibly replace him is nonsense. The contention that voters are deprived of the right to choose a President for a third term is extraordinarily myopic, in that it loses sight of the fact that the limitation preserves the right of choice for subsequent terms. The effect of the two-term limitation on Presidential power has probably been exaggerated, and if indeed there is any such effect, it must occur eventually anyhow. In any event it has not been conclusively demonstrated that a diminution of Presidential power is the most awful thing that can happen to the United States. Finally the passage of the Amendment was obviously not achieved by a secret conspiracy among Roosevelt-haters.

The two-term tradition has now been in effect for over a century and a half. It would be foolish indeed to contend that it has been solely or even primarily responsible for the preservation of our political freedoms. But it is entirely possible that the limitation it effected has played some role in the control of the power of the Executive. Throughout political history, the heavy boots of masked and unmasked tyranny have tramped too heavily, and the menace and reality of despotism have been too widespread, too ominous, too deeply terrifying, for a free people to toss aside easily any element which can help guard them against destruction of their liberties. The two-term restriction is such an element, and therefore must not be discarded.

HOW TO WRITE A LOVE POEM FOR A MAGAZINE
THAT RUNS AN AD FOR A \$68,000 NECKLACE

By L. W. MICHAELSON

To hold the jade-like eye
Of the inebriate of airy
Necklace ads; the debauchee
Of dew-drop diamond brooches,
Start simply with a sigh
Of silk on pendant breasts.

Or, as a juggler flings his
Silver spheres into the light,
Show pear-shaped rubies
Dripping heart's blood
Into dazzling crystal tumblers.

Next, weave a scent of sin
From the warmth of mink
Caressing satin shoulders;
Suggest smoked pheasant,
And wine-dark truffles drowning
In pale, amber sauces.

But then, there's no way, really,
To catch the currency of love;
Only silence is golden.

ADAM AND EVE BY LUCIUS CRANACH

By RICHARD LYONS

Earth has a gluttony of things more fair
Than these, and yet it has a surfeit too
Of unadorned corruption in the flesh
Baser by far than this, this simple pair,
Not yet wet to the wading toes with grief,
Standing almost innocently in the fresh
Air of history under apples, new
To hunger and the green miraculous leaf

That leaps before their loins to keep them pure.
Poor Adam, tanned and healthy, lifts his arm
To scratch away the question in his hair
Curly as his small beard. He looks at her
With the great grandfather of uncertainties
And holds his apple awkwardly, aware
But vaguely of Eve's whiter power to charm
Away the blacker background with her eyes.

No doubt about it, Adam's taken in.
He lacks in shrewdness as Eve lacks in grace.
Her eyes have taken on the serpent's slant,
Which hangs encoiled above her, urging sin.
But with her suppleness of flesh and breast,
With eyes that beckon (but do not enchant),
The calculation in her almond face
Is not to Adam but to us addressed.

Something to be proud of

GERTRUDE DIXON

The only thing that kept Liisa from bursting apart entirely, from floating out of the grandstand above the admiring eyes of her playmates in a million shimmering splinters of bone and flesh and hair, was her wonderment, her unbelieving amazement.

Was it really true?

How could it be?

How had it all come about?

Here she was, suddenly possessed of friends—a grandstand full, a park full, a whole world full. Their mouths spoke to her, their arms wound about her, their eyes all sought hers. And her own eyes, unable to escape the demanded intimacy, felt foreign in her head, too large for the imprisoning lids, glazed into mirrors somehow not equal to the task of receiving, reflecting. And her mouth ached from smiling yet could not relinquish this new pose. Liisa was enthralled by a delicious panic, terrified that one wrong flicker of an eyelid, one droop of the mouth, one awful syllable would break the magic spell that had somehow put the whole world into her hand.

"Oh, I wish to heaven they'd start. When do you suppose they'll start, Liza?"

"Father said after the baseball game. It won't be long now . . . Ellen."

Ellen had long yellow curls and she wore starched blue and white pinafores and black patent leather slippers and a real ruby ring. She was always first to be chosen in any game—even the spelling matches though Liisa always beat her. Four years now—since the first grade—they had sat beside each other because both their names began with A.

The first grade. For a moment something vaguely sinister threat-

ened to squash down upon Liisa, to bury her again in obscurity. A familiar scent invaded the sunny Fourth of July grandstand—a scent compounded of wet coats, sweet white paste, chalk, books, floor oil, Miss Emerson's face powder, and Ellen's starched pinafore. Like ether, escaping from a vial in her pocket, it immobilized Liisa, put its huge hand upon her face and slowly, irrevocably, pushed down. For the first grade had been a whole year of pushing-downs. And that was because Liisa had not known enough not to rise and had kept on rising after every pushing-down. But always for the wrong reason. That had been the trouble—the reasons were wrong, wrong in Miss Emerson's world, Ellen Armstrong's world—alien. Rising was right—right in any world, this or the other one, the home world where Father said, "To be human is to be proud."

"I've never been to a springer catch have you, Ellen? Oh, why don't they hurry, Liza?"

"I'll bet she had to talk fast to get her father to do it, Betty. Didn't you, Liza? Fathers are so stubborn."

Again the voices came to her, came to her directly, not voices overheard, eavesdropped from the outer edge but coming now from the circle, swirling and whirling helplessly until she sucked them in where they settled comfortably, naturally, in the vortex they sought. Liisa opened the gates for them, magnanimously.

"I guess nobody in Lone Rock has seen a springer catch, Betty. Your dad said the JayCees had one at the state picnic. I guess that's where he got the idea. He's the one who asked me about it, you know."

"I know, Liza. I told him you could do it. He didn't think your father would but I told him you could make him. He said they had to be Leghorn springers."

"Where did you get them anyway?"

"Yes, where did they come from?"

"Oh, we sent away for them. Father read about them, you know. He read all about them in the . . . in a book. . . ."

Careful, it almost slipped, where Father had read about the new purebred Leghorns, not in a book but in a magazine, a Finnish magazine, written in Finnish. Father reading always. Reading at the supper table, gray brows still flecked with black coal dust from the mines; finger, retaining the pickhandle curve, tracing the lines. Reading into the night, the light creeping under Liisa's door, the pages turning, turning. It was right to be proud of reading—Miss Emerson had said so, had said that a good home should have books in it and magazines that come to the post office. And Liisa had been so proud and had risen with the rest to recount the names of all the magazines and her voice had sounded the loudest because she had been the proudest. Then the silence, coming at her, pressing cold into her neck, penetrating her flimsy cotton dress right through to the mole on her right thigh, rolling into a hard lump (like the artgum erasers that the Healy boy had) in her throat, stinging her eyes. And, into the silence, a voice, Miss Emerson's: "Liza, child, hush. What are you saying? Everyone knows your parents. They don't read; they're foreign." Risings and pushing-downs. Always pushing-downs.

"But Liza, how did you catch them? How did you get them in the cages? They're very fast, aren't they?"

"Yes, tell us. How did you do it?"

"Oh, that was easy. You see, we wait until they've gone to bed, on the roosts, I mean. Then when it's dark we just pick them up before they wake up. And that's the way we got them to sleep on the roosts. You know, you have to teach them where to sleep. They sleep all over the place and sometimes if it's cold they pile up and you have to pick them up and put them to bed. And when they're very little, before they even get real feathers, I mean, well then you have to stay up with them all night and there's a thermometer that tells you if the stove needs more coal and . . ."

Strange how easy it was to tell them now. How she had wanted to ever since last April when her father had carried them home from the post office, peeping in their cardboard boxes. How hard it had been not to tell about the brand new brooder house with

its shining aluminum hood, about the long, long nights when her father had let her stay with him there, watching over the yellow, fuzzy sleepers, picking them up carefully when they piled up, hushing the disturbed crescendo of their little voices to the steady comfortable hum that meant all was well, that made it very hard to keep your eyes on the big thermometer. Then later they had moved them into the Big House with roosts that were cleaned every morning and that had laying boxes under them with a little door on every one and a glass egg in the nest. And they had whitewashed all the walls and put little pills in the water to keep the birds well. And all of them had grown beautifully white, every one, not like anyone else's chickens, all colors and sizes. In the Big House all was whiteness—white walls, white chickens, white light streaming in all day from the wide south windows. Mother had objected to the windows, saying they were expensive and really unnecessary for chickens. But Father had said he was through with darkness, through forever with the mines and, with a wink at Liisa, he had announced, magnificently: "Let there be light!"

Light and white and beautiful they grew, especially the springers. Liisa admired the singing springers more than the sleek-headed pullets. Every morning she watched with her father as they flexed their powerful white wings and flew to the topmost branches of the willows where they held their crowing contest. Usually the contestants took turns but sometimes their impatience produced the most delicious duets and trios and quartets, and Liisa and her father laughed at them because obviously they didn't know a B flat from a C.

"Liza, can I come to see the Big House?"

"Liza, why didn't you let us see them. Why did you keep it a secret?"

Yes, why? It had been silly of her really. She could have told them long ago, could have taken this magic throne and held them all captive. It was so easy now. But she couldn't tell them about the fear, the fear of pushing-downs. She had made too many mistaken risings in Miss Emerson's and Ellen's and Betty's world. It was no use trying—it was better not to try at all in one world than to lose in both. Bringing home the losses was the worst part, herself being the instrument that whittled away at her father's pride, seeing the pain that she inflicted, not wanting to but having

to because she could not return that gleam in his eyes upon her, could not reaffirm and recount the day's glories, but evaded the invitation to intimacy, thereby taking with her each time some of the gleam, some of the springiness of step, the swagger of shoulder, with her into the void of no-world. No-world, bottomless devourer of all the shimmering wonders, digesting them into limp, gray nothingness. Like the Finnish magazines she could no longer read or even listen to being read; like the Finnish ceremonial dress hanging now in the closet, being "saved."

The dress had been the hardest of all. It had come from her father's sister, from the old country, all made by hand her father had said, the wool gathered, carded, dyed, woven, stitched. Especially made, he said, for dancing about the huge Midsummer Night bonfire, the rich reds, greens, blues, caught between the birch fire on the hilltop and the sun fire in the sky. And with it an orange shawl with a real silver clasp and, best of all, a small pouch of real reindeer, the fur so thick you couldn't find the hide.

How carefully they had planned the disclosure, she and her father—how she would keep her coat buttoned on the playground, wait until everyone had gone in and taken off their wraps, until Miss Emerson, tapping her yardstick on the blackboard would say, "Good morning, children," with her usual determined friendliness. And before their astonished eyes, she would walk to the front of the room, right beside Miss Emerson, slowly unbutton her coat and take it off, turn around quickly so that the pleats opened showing the reds and greens. Then the speech about where it came from, how it was made, who made it, and all the rest.

She had done it just that way remembering everything because she was looking at the speech words in the air, saying them quickly before they faded, until the part about the bonfire and demonstrating the dance and then, because Miss Emerson's yardstick hadn't been in the plans, she had tripped. The speech words disappeared and there was only Miss Emerson's face above her, shooting hatred out of her silent eyes, silence coming at her now from everywhere and, suddenly, as though her ears had been unplugged, the noise enclosing her: Clumsy, clumsy, clumsy dumb Finlander—and laughter, and laughter, laughter, Ellen's, Miss Emerson's, the world's . . .

Going home had been the worst part, reading the other speech

words from her father's shoes: "Yes, I told them, Father. Yes, they were very impressed. Yes, Miss Emerson was very impressed. But you see I got some dirt on it. I think it's too nice to wear. I think I should save it, Father." And feeling the gleam die as it struck the top of her head, sinking in, becoming nothing in no-world. Looking up to see the tell-tale twitch in the set jaw.

Ellen laughing now, everyone laughing now, buoying bubbles of laughter, a whole ocean of laughter to float on. Floating now like the dust caught in the shafts of sunlight streaking across the grandstand through the cracks, held gently captive now by the laughter.

"But, really? Does he really judge the contest?"

"Every morning?"

"Oh yes, it's very funny. He stands there under the willow and listens to every one and then he tells one that he did very badly. Really, he shakes his finger at them and tells them that they don't sing proudly enough to be real Leghorns. And then he always gives the winner some extra corn or something. And one day the loser got so mad he flew right down and pecked Father's head . . ."

The ocean convulsive; the bubbles tickling Liisa's nose, threatening to drown her.

"Pecked his head . . ."

"So would I . . ."

"But wait, let me tell you something else. Sometimes he sings back at them. Yes, he even wrote a song about them for me. It goes. . ."

But the song was drowned out by the laughter even before it was pulled back from Liisa's lips by a weight inside that curiously snapped her jaws together tight. Anyway, the song wasn't really about the chickens but the sparrows:

Tule tånne pieni lintu . . .
(Come little sparrow,
Do not be wary,
Here to our chicken yard,
Safe Sanctuary.)

"But Liza, listen Liza, how did you talk him into it, I mean letting us use them for the springer catch?"

"Oh, it wasn't so hard. I just told him how it would be and, well, I don't think he really minded much."

He hadn't seemed to mind too much when she had explained it all to him yesterday in the Big House, although at first he had been very angry, thrusting his hands in his pockets, wrenching back first one shoulder and then the other, the words jerking at his neck as they shot out:

"What? My Leghorns? What do they think? Fools! For amusement. For their amusement. It isn't enough . . . isn't enough to steal my eggs . . . to steal pure Leghorn eggs like any ordinary eggs. Now they want the springers too. And you . . . how . . . why . . . No. Tell them no. No. Never." And his jaw set so tight that it couldn't even twitch. He stared at his boots with determined unconcern although the chickens flew and scampered about wildly, unused to sudden loudness, bred in the almost sanctuary stillness which he had demanded of anyone entering the Big House.

"But, Father, they need Leghorns and we're the only ones who have any. Other chickens will get caught too easily. And who could catch our Leghorns? Why, they'll just run home. The park is only about a block away."

"I don't know." His head turned to shake a negative but it didn't turn back, his eyes caught by hers, and Liisa took encouragement.

"Just think how many people will see them, Father. Nobody sees our Leghorns here. Won't it be a grand sight for them all to see, Father, to see our white birds flying so swift? Won't they be surprised, Father? Won't that be a proud sight?"

Her father looked at Liisa and he looked at the birds. "Liisa, child . . ." There were speech words in his eyes but they fell from her face, down to his dusty boots.

"Very well," he said. "If you want it."

"Oh, Liza, why don't they start?"

"It won't be long now, Betty. First they have to line up the people down here by the grandstand and then they let the springers out up there by the pitcher's box."

"Isn't your father here, Liza?"

"No, he said he had to do some work at home."

"Liza, can you come stay overnight with me tonight? Wouldn't it be fun? Please?"

"Oh, Ellen, I'll try." In a quick embrace Liisa plummeted down from her celestial throne into the warmth of promised confidence. Ellen—a real best friend—for always!

"Hey, look!"

"Hey, kids, Liza, look. They're starting!"

"Look, the cages!"

"Ellen, your daddy's carrying a cage. Oh, look how white!"

"But why don't the people get out of the way? Why don't they line up? How can they start? Ellen, tell your daddy to make them line up. I can't even see the springers now, can you?"

"No, too many people, Liza. Daddy! Daddy! We can't see."

"Look, one got loose."

"No, he opened the cage. This is it!"

"There they go. Get one Daddy, quick, get one!"

Then the noise from the field below drowning out everything. The wailing of the world set loose. Wings rising momentarily only to disappear down in the seething man mass. Springer voices starting, suddenly stopping—monotonously starting, stopping, starting, stopping—unbelievably rhythmically—starting, stopping. Here and there in counterpart one call repeating, repeating, at the same maximum volume and pitch, repeating, repeating—then the starting, stopping. The other sounds ripping, rending competing—It's mine, no mine, mine, mine—Hey, that's mine, hey, let go—Whoopee, I got one—I got a drumstick—got a wing—hey, let go—mine, mine, mine. And through the dust the sun catching a feather, a wing, a yellow beak open, red combs, red hands, red necks, red wings, feathers red, all red, all red, red, red, red. And suddenly a mouth, red, Ellen's: "Hurrah! Daddy got one!"

Fleeing now, the sounds following, the reds following. A road underfoot, a stream beside—the stream unmoving, unsounding; the foot on the road unfeeling, unsounding—only the reds, reds, mine, mine, starting, stopping, repeating, repeating.

Now a gate, squeaking, squeaking. And, finally, there, alone, upright, a figure, dark, solid, gray hair blowing, eyes receiving. Suddenly cheek wet, sliding down roughness. Sparrow, sparrow, there, sparrow. Sliding down to boots, dusty, rooted to earth, dusty, receiving wetness. Father. Please. Father. Father.

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since 1939, working for Reed-Prentice Corporation for nine years and starting his own business, Injection Molders Supply Company, in 1947. He became interested in Salvador Dali in 1941, and today he owns over fifty Dali oils. Mr. Morse has just completed a monograph on the artist, which is being published by the New York Graphic Society in September.

MURIEL SIBELL WOLLE, Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Colorado, provided her familiar sketches for this article at the request of Mr. Morse. She also drew the columbine appearing on page 19. She has published two illustrated histories of old mining camps, *Stampede to Timberline* and *The Bonanza Trail*, and contributed three illustrated articles to *The Colorado Quarterly*, which appeared in the Summer issues for 1952, 1953, and 1957.

REEVE SPENCER KELLEY ("Man out of Water," poem, p. 67) has published poetry in the *New Yorker*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Denver Post*, and in university reviews, including the Winter (1957) and Spring (1958) issues of *The Colorado Quarterly*.

MARJORIE KIMMERLE ("A Weather Almanac for Colorado," p. 68), Associate Professor of English at the University of Colorado and Director of the Rocky Mountain Linguistic Atlas, has a special interest in American speech and American folklore. She contributed an article to the very first issue of *The Colorado Quarterly*, Summer (1952).

ANN JONES, Assistant Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Colo-

rado, made the sketches for this article.

ALBERT HOWARD CARTER ("De Coquina," poem, p. 80), Professor of English at the University of Arkansas, has published poems, articles, and reviews in numerous poetry magazines and scholarly journals. A poem of his appeared in the Winter (1958) *Colorado Quarterly*.

DONALD SUTHERLAND ("Whither, O Avantgarde?" p. 81), Professor of Classics at the University of Colorado, is author of *Gertrude Stein, A Biography of Her Work*. He contributed articles to the Autumn (1952) and (1953) issues of *The Colorado Quarterly* and translations to the Summer (1953), Winter (1954), and Autumn (1957) issues.

JAMES L. BUSEY ("The Controversial Twenty-second Amendment," p. 96), Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Colorado, received his Ph.D from Ohio State University. His articles have appeared in professional journals and in the Autumn (1953) *Colorado Quarterly*.

L. W. MICHAELSON ("How to Write a Love Poem . . .," poem, p. 101) teaches English at the University of Idaho. His poetry and articles have appeared widely in national publications and university reviews, including the Spring (1953), Autumn (1954), and Spring (1958) issues of *The Colorado Quarterly*.

RICHARD LYONS ("Adam and Eve by Lucius Cranach," poem, p. 102) is Assistant Professor of English and Order Librarian at North Dakota Agricultural College. His poems have appeared in the *New Yorker* and in
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university reviews, including the Spring (1956) *Colorado Quarterly*. A volume of his poetry, *Men and Tin Kettles*, No. 15 in Alan Swallow's New Poetry Series, was brought out in the fall of 1956.

GERTRUDE DIXON ("Something To Be Proud Of," p. 103) is a graduate of Montana State University, where she majored in English and was the first student editor of the undergraduate quarterly, *Mountaineer*. She has been Editorial Assistant with the University of Nebraska Press and has taught English, both in high school and at Wisconsin State College.



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